

The Sketch

No. 691.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

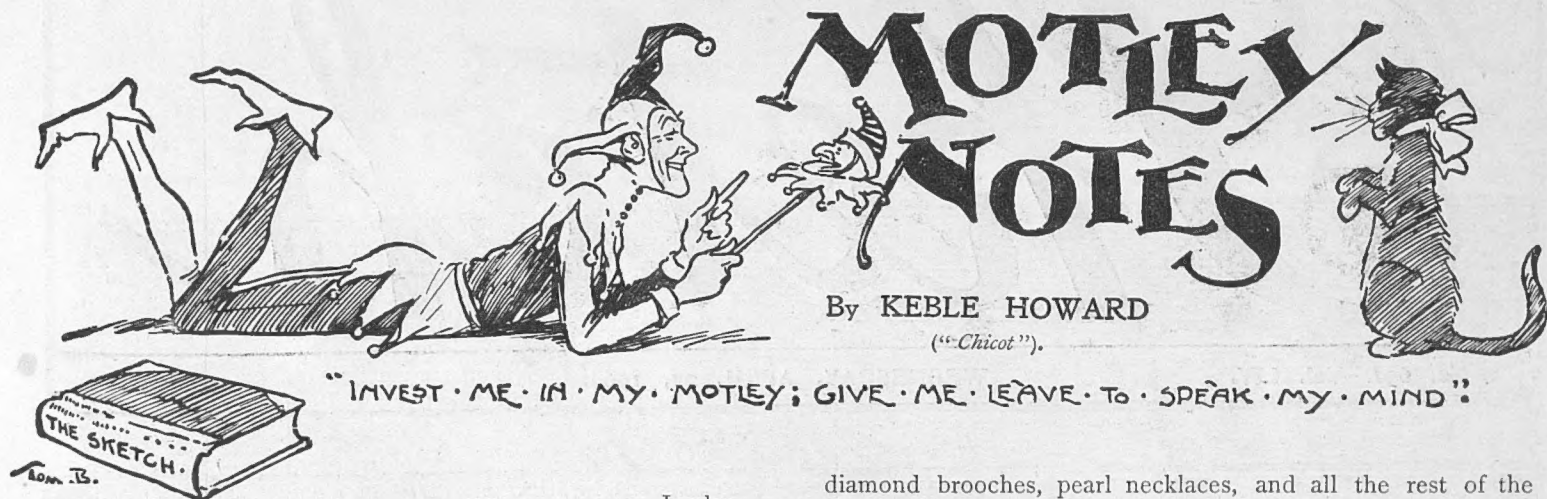


THE EDINBURGH RECORD OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

WHERE 200,000 HOMELESS PEOPLE TOOK REFUGE AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO
EARTHQUAKE: A SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK—THE JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN.

THE LIVERPOOL RECORD OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

On the right of this page is a reproduction of the record of the San Francisco earthquake given by the seismograph at the Liverpool Observatory. On the left is a reproduction of the record of the earthquake given by the Milne seismograph at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. This instrument, devised by Professor Milne, gives a continuous photographic record of unfelt tremors of the earth arising from distant earthquakes. The sensitive paper is drawn by clockwork at a uniform rate underneath the end of a delicately poised horizontal pendulum, through a small hole in which a beam of light is thrown from above. The very slightest movement of the foundation on which the instrument rests, though quite imperceptible to the human senses, is sufficient to cause oscillation of the pendulum, thus carrying the spot of light across the sensitive paper. The white marks on the right margin indicate the times by automatic registration. The record shows a few very slight tremors beginning at 1.23 p.m., followed by a series of larger tremors at 1.33 p.m. The maximum disturbance occurs at 1.56 p.m., and is followed by a long series of large oscillations, which gradually decrease in amplitude, the record terminating with a few very small tremors at 5.8 p.m. Golden Gate Park, where, it is said, some 200,000 homeless people took refuge, is to the west of San Francisco, and may be termed the Hyde Park of that city. For permission to reproduce the Edinburgh record we are indebted to the Astronomer-Royal of Scotland; for permission to use the Liverpool record we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Plummer, F.R.A.S., Director of the Liverpool Observatory, Bidston, Birkenhead.



London.

AS I sit at my desk to-day, friend the reader, I ask myself whether it argues a lack of sympathy to gossip lightly about nothing in particular whilst the awful tragedy of San Francisco is still in the playing. And the answer, I think, is this: you cannot take the whole world into your heart. If instead of writing these notes I read my newspaper and brooded over the agonies of the dying, listened to the cries of little children, imagined the wailings of the women, would anyone be a jot the better for it? On the other hand, by fulfilling my weekly duty to the best of my ability, I may forget for a time, and help you to forget, that the road upon which we are all travelling is often a gloomy one, and that the end of it is wrapped in shadows. Many people will tell you, of course, that it is dark throughout, and that any attempt to depict it sunlit, even in patches, is grossly inartistic. Well, I do not see with their eyes, and I earnestly hope that I never shall. You sometimes hear one say, jokingly, "That man must be a humorist: he looks so frightfully melancholy!" It is perfectly true that humorists frequently have sad faces, but humorists are not sad because they are humorists. They are humorists because they are sad. Humour is born of acute sympathy, and to the acutely sympathetic wayfarer the darkness of the road is so evident that he naturally lingers as long as he may in the patches of sunlight.

With this trifling and wholly unconvincing apology, I turn to the subject of Lady Warwick and her jewels. "I have no single personal jewel left," her ladyship has stated, "but I fail to see what concern that is of anyone but myself. The Socialist cause is not affected by any individual. Nothing can stem the flowing tide and the world's regeneration." Now I think it is extremely nice of Lady Warwick to give all her jewels to the Socialists. There is something romantic, something old-world about such an act that is deliciously refreshing. In mediæval romances, as you will remember, the hero and heroine never take the trouble to look at the amount of their hotel bill. They just throw a purse to the landlord and ride away. As a small boy, this filled me with admiration. It also caused me to wonder. I wondered, in the first place, what the landlords did with all the purses. Did they wait till they got a sackful, and then send them to market? Or did their wives and daughters make patchwork gowns out of them? Secondly, I wanted to know—but my parents and guardians refused to tell me—how the hero or heroine could be sure that there was enough money in the purse to meet the bill. (Even at that tender age, I realised that no modern purse could possibly hold enough to meet a modern hotel bill.) Or did they ride away in order to avoid any awkwardness on this score? Over and over again, when I was cycling, I made up my mind to throw a purse with three-halfpence in it to some old lady from whom I had bought lemonade, and then ride away before she had time to open the purse.

My courage, I regret to say, always failed me. To tell the truth, I am not gifted with the grand manner. Never in my life, so far as I remember, have I called a landlord a scurvy rascal, or threatened to crack a waiter's pate. I did once get so far as to call a 'bus-conductor a saucy varlet, but, as luck would have it, we were bumping over cobblestones at the time, and he did not hear me. Well, you understand now why it is that Lady Warwick's splendid action fills me with enthusiasm. My one fear is that she did not throw her jewels at the Socialists, but just sold them and sent on a cheque for the amount. That prosaic touch rather spoils the idea of the thing. One would have liked to believe that they suddenly found themselves, these lucky Socialists, in a shower of rings,

diamond brooches, pearl necklaces, and all the rest of the costly gewgaws.

As for Messrs. Francis Johnson and T. D. Benson, secretary and treasurer respectively of the Independent Labour Party, who have written to the papers to say that they haven't had the jewels, and don't want them, they fill me with horror and indignation. (You never heard of anyone being filled with one without the other, did you? Horror and Indignation are as inseparable as Tweedledum and Tweedledee.) What lack of gallantry, Mr. Johnson! How rude, Mr. Benson! Is it possible that the grapes, gentlemen, are sour? For, reading further, I find you saying: "In no single case that we knew of did Lady Warwick give one single penny to any trade-union or Independent Labour Party candidate, and it therefore follows that the price of her jewels must have gone to the nominees of the Social Democratic Federation." To one unversed in the cloudy ways of politics, there would seem to be but a tiny difference between the Independent Labour Party and the Social Democratic Federation. Both societies possess nice, swagger-sounding names, and I presume that they both have for their object the complete overthrow of the leisured classes, and a ripping good time for the working man. Then, Messrs. Johnson and Benson, instead of grumbling like sulky children, you should encourage all the other ladies with costly jewels to follow Lady Warwick's example. There will be lots of opportunities for being stuck-up when you have got all the jewels.

Mark Twain has been tackling the old question of the lady's cigarette in *Harper's Weekly*, and, incidentally, has been rash enough to say that everything is permissible when you get used to it. At any rate, that is how I interpret the following: "In Europe, the first time we see a parlour full of ladies smoking cigarettes we are revolted, we are self-righteously incensed, we are ashamed of the human race. Six months later we find no offence in it—in fact, we like it. I suppose we can all remember the first time we saw bare-armed, bare-legged young ladies paddling in the surf, and how confounded and affronted we were by that gross exhibition of indecency. But we can stand it now, can't we? Certainly—and like it, too." This seems to me, as a mere moralist, a most dangerous line of argument. According to Mark Twain, anything that we can stand without being actually shocked is harmless. Therefore the wicked people are not the people who do wrong, but the people who feel that they are doing wrong. This is in direct opposition, of course, to all moral teaching. I was brought up to believe that the naughtier you felt yourself to be, the better you were in reality. I don't mind confessing that I found great comfort in that doctrine. Bother Mark Twain!

I read that the Vicar of Filey, "who is known throughout the country as 'The Walking Parson,' will start on Monday for a six hundred miles' walk round the south coast of Sweden." Let this be a warning to you, friend the reader. Never allow yourself to be saddled with an exacting nickname. There is a lady on the music-halls, for instance, who is known as "Happy Fanny Fields." Whatever chances, come wet or fine, Miss Fanny Fields must go on to the stage looking tremendously happy. It is just the same with the Vicar of Filey. They have dubbed him "The Walking Parson," and so long as he is able to put one foot before another he must keep on putting it. On Monday, you see, he starts for a stroll of six hundred miles. I can quite understand it. Somebody—probably the churchwarden at Filey—has been rallying him. "Call yourself the Walking Parson?" I can hear him saying. "Why, you've been loafing about here for the last six months. Why don't you get up and go for a good spin somewhere?" And the wretched Vicar, with a groan, announces his intention of walking round the south coast of Sweden. So tiring, you know!

"DOROTHY O' THE HALL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Dorothy Vernon (Miss Julia Neilson).

Sir Malcolm Vernon (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw).

DOROTHY VERNON FIGHTS HER COUSIN, SIR MALCOLM VERNON.



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS DOROTHY VERNON, AND MR. FRED TERRY AS SIR JOHN MANNERS.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE CLUBMAN.

Earthquake and Fire—San Francisco as I Knew it—The Spider as "King" of a Club—Monterey—Red Tape and Fire at Woolwich Arsenal.

ONE of the most disagreeable sensations in the world is to be in the power of an earthquake. I have fainted once only—after being badly kicked by a horse—and I have been through one violent earthquake, and the sensation of helplessness, of striving against something much stronger than oneself, of the earth rising and falling and twisting away from under one's feet was almost identical on each occasion. I experienced my earthquake in Japan one spring, when halting for a time in the country of the cherry-bloom on my way home via San Francisco.

Only a day or two ago, a party of men, all much travelled, were chatting in a club as to which country in the world, if they were free from all patriotic and family ties, they would prefer to live in, and three out of the five decided that California is the most beautiful, most healthy, and pleasantest province in any country on the map. Whenever I have crossed America from the Pacific side and have arrived at the hustling cities of the Eastern States I have always regretted that I did not spend more time in San Francisco, where the sun is always shining, and where men have some time to spend on gentler things than money-grubbing. The San Francisco I remember is the town as it was twenty years ago, when it was still in a state of transition from the roughly built mining town to the splendid city which last week was shaken and burned to the ground. Streets with fine stone houses and paved side-walks tailed off suddenly into rutty roads and wooden shanties and a few planks laid down for foot-passengers to walk upon. Wooden houses were constantly being moved bodily to make room for finer buildings, and one of the astonishing things in a city of astonishments was to find a double-storied wooden house, on rollers, stranded in the middle of one of the biggest streets while the men left their work for dinner.

Even at that time San Francisco boasted of its Palace Hotel as being one of the wonders of America, and its clubs were singularly good. The great social club of the city, the Pacific Union, to form which two clubs amalgamated, had one of the most luxurious and most beautifully furnished club houses I have ever been into, and the Bohemian Club—a club in which the spider was king and gigantic spiders and their webs were to be found painted and modelled

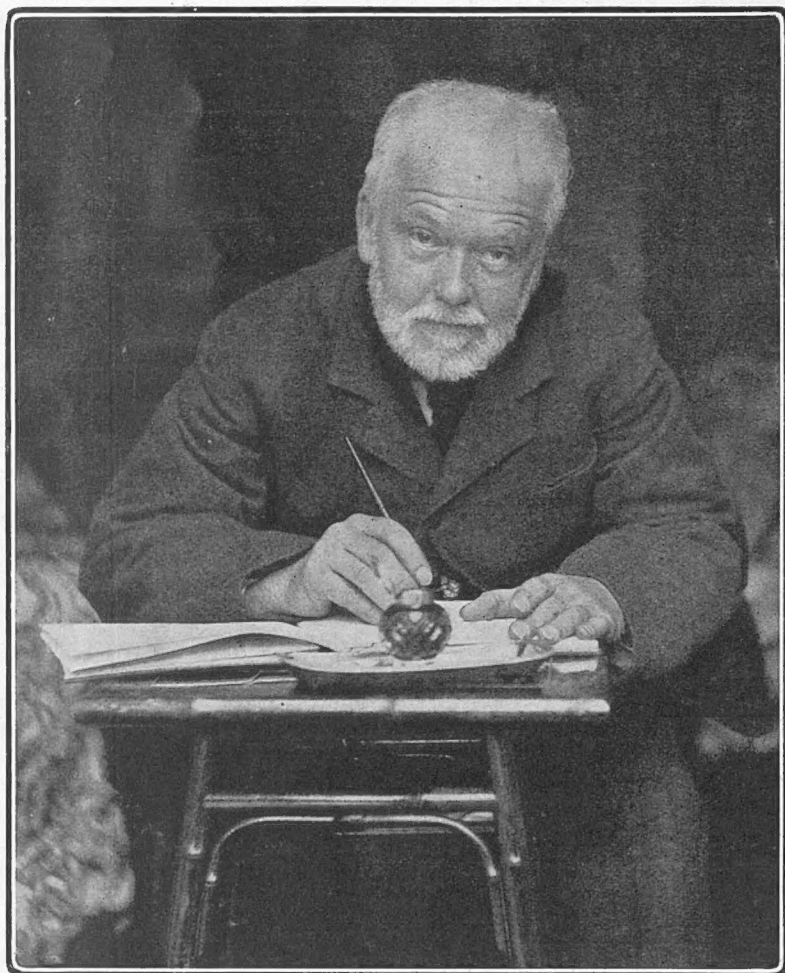
everywhere about the club building—was one of the quaintest gathering-places of the artistic fraternity I have ever been made free of. Its crest was an owl and a skull, and its motto "Weaving spiders come not here."

The Cliff House has gone, and so has the big hotel at Monterey. In the parlours of the Cliff House I have sat, after a delightful drive through the Golden Gate Park, and have watched the sea-lions and



FROM THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB TO MISS ELLEN TERRY: THE CASKET TO BE PRESENTED TO THE FAMOUS ACTRESS AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE ON FRIDAY NEXT.

An interesting presentation, in the form of the silver casket here illustrated, will be made to Miss Ellen Terry by the Playgoers' Club on Friday next. The casket bears on its lid scenes of the Olympic Games, while on its sides are illustrated the places of public entertainment in Athens. It is inscribed with Miss Terry's monogram, the crest of the Playgoers' Club, and the following: "A token of affection and esteem from the members of the Playgoers' Club to Miss Ellen Terry on the celebration of her Jubilee, 28th of April, 1906."



THE RELEASE OF MR. JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR: THE EX-M.P. AND EX-CONVICT ENGAGED ON JOURNALISTIC WORK.

Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, who was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in connection with the Liberator Building Society, was released from Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight, on April 14, having served the whole of his sentence with the exception of the term allowed for good conduct. Mr. Balfour states that he is penniless, and at present, at all events, he will devote himself to writing.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

the seals play about the rocks far below. The waves of the Pacific are churned up into spray on the great boulders which act as breakwaters, and through the mist one sees the gleam of the wet backs of the lions and seals as they flap their way up on to the ledges or slip down into the breakers again. The Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, which has been shaken down, was one of the most beautiful hotels in the world. Monterey, with its old pines and old Presidio and its beautiful coast-road, has some of the charm of the old-world Spanish life left, and, in contrast, its great hotel was as modern and as comfortable as latter-day science and skill could make it. Its great hall, with an immense open fireplace, was a most comfortable lounge at a period before our hotel-builders had found out that halls could be made places of comfort. The billiard-room and any other rooms in which any noise might be looked for were in a separate building connected by a long sheltered path with the hotel, and the landscape-gardener, working with the architect, had not forgotten that the sense of smell should be gratified as well as that of sight, and had planted acres of violets just outside the gardens of the hotel.

The British fire of the week has been, luckily, on an insignificant scale compared with the San Francisco holocaust; but Woolwich Arsenal might well have been gutted owing to a ridiculous adherence to red-tape regulations. With a burning building inside and the town fire-brigade outside clamouring to be allowed to go inside and put out the fire, which was beyond the extinguishing power of the Arsenal brigade, it was really a stroke of genius for the Cerberus at the gates to refuse to admit the civilian firemen because they had no "permits." Of course, permits are necessary in order to keep unauthorised persons, who might be foreign spies, from going where they like and seeing all that they want to see; but the official who could imagine that there was a deep-laid plot, and that the fire inside and the firemen outside had some connection with an attempt to wring from the Arsenal its most cherished secrets must have an imagination which is wasted on doorkeeping and which should help him to a fortune as an author of melodramas or a writer of shilling shockers.

The boundaries of red-tape idiocy and heroism fade into each other in a curious manner. I have never had any admiration for that Latin sentry who preferred to be suffocated in the volcanic ashes sooner than leave his post by the gate of Pompeii. He did no good by remaining, and he cost the Roman Empire a good stolid fighting-man by dying unnecessarily. Yet he is accounted a hero, because he would not leave his post until relieved, though if he had had enough brains to think the matter out, he might have been quite sure that he never would be relieved in this world.

HISTORIC IRVING PROPERTIES ON THE STAGE TO-DAY.



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP THAT IS THE SCENE OF "MARKHEIM," SHOWING VARIOUS PROPERTIES USED BY SIR HENRY IRVING.

The properties used in the stage version of Robert Louis Stevenson's story "Markheim," in which Mr. H. B. Irving is appearing at the Lyric, are of considerable interest, for the majority of them are properties used in the late Sir Henry Irving's productions. The sideboard is the one from which Corporal Gregory Brewster's breakfast was served in the one-act play "Waterloo"; the necklaces were worn in "Macbeth" and in "King Lear"; and the orb shown on the chair was carried by Henry Irving when he played King Lear. The iron chest in which Markheim seeks the money of his victim was used in "Louis XI."; while the old Jacobean chest, which had a place in Irving's rooms in Grafton Street, was seen in "Charles I." The mugs, goblets, chalices, and jugs were used in "Coriolanus"; and other jugs and salvers in "Peter the Great."—



Markheim (Mr. H. B. Irving). A Dealer (Mr. D. McCarthy).

MARKHEIM AND HIS VICTIM, A DEALER.

—The silver inkstand, and some of the bric-à-brac figured in "Robespierre." The bells that chime the hour of three are those that were heard in "The Bells" and in "The Lyons Mail." The helmet, designed by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, was worn by Lancelot (Mr. Forbes-Robertson) in "King Arthur." In addition to the actual Irving properties, the properties in "Markheim" include a Chippendale chair, an Empire cabinet bureau, some fine old oil-paintings and sixteenth-century bronzes. The mirror with which "Markheim" plays before committing the murder is of fifteenth-century make, and is said to have belonged to one of King Alfonso's ancestors; the dagger with which the murder is committed dates from the times of the Borgias.

Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.
ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK,
APRIL 23 to APRIL 28.
For full particulars see Daily Press.

The run of NERO will be resumed on MONDAY, April 30.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY, May 2, and EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH TO-MORROW (Thursday) at 8.30 in THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT by Alfred Sutro (Presented by Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Charles Frohman). MATINEE WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S Musical Play, THE LITTLE CHERUB. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
BRIGADIER GERARD. By A. Conan Doyle.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.

GEORGE ALEXANDER. EVERY EVENING, at 8 sharp.
In a New Comedy, HIS HOUSE IN ORDER, by A. W. PINERO.
Mr. George Alexander; Miss Irene Vanbrugh. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles Wyndham.
Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8. MR. FRANK CURZON'S COMPANY in THE LITTLE STRANGER, by Michael Morton. Preceded at 8.30 by THE VAGABONDS. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 3.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

April 25, 1906.

Signature.....

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ALEXANDER MORING.
The Story and Song of Black Roderick.
Dora Sigerson. 3s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY.
The Face of Clay. An Interpretation.
Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s.

SEELEY.
Thomas Gainsborough. Sir Walter Armstrong. 2s.
The New Forest. C. J. Cornish. 2s.

LONGMANS, GREEN.
Simple Annals. M. E. Francis. 6s.

METHUEN.
The Motor Year Book and Automoblist's Annual for 1906. Edited by H. Massac Buis. 7s. 6d.

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE.
History of the Militia (the Constitutional Force). Compiled by Colonel George Jackson Hay, C.P., C.M.G. 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN LONG.

Lady Marion and the Plutocrat. Lady Helen Forbes. 6s.
A Veneered Scamp. Jean Middlemass. 6s.
Love—with Variations. Alice M. Diehl. 6s.

MACMILLAN.

Lady Baltimore. Owen Wister. 6s.

CASSELL.

Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., and Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes. Mrs. Lionel Birch. 5s. net.

ALSTON RIVERS.

Richard Baldock. Archibald Marshall. 6s.
In Youth. Ennis Richmond. 2s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE.

Elgar. Ernest Newman. 2s. 6d. net.
Bombay Ducks. Douglas Dewar. 10s. net.

HUTCHINSON.

By the Waters of Carthage. Norma Lorimer. 12s. net.

Tell Everybody

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London: ALSTON RIVERS, Ltd.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

APRIL 28.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SHOW.**VANISHED GLORIES OF SAN FRANCISCO:****FAMOUS BUILDINGS NOW DESTROYED****THE NEW PLAY AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.**

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-three (from Jan. 17 to April 11, 1906) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

KING ALFONSO and his future Queen are enjoying a pre-nuptial romance which all Royal personages must envy them, and the decks of the *Giralda*, his Most Catholic Majesty's yacht, witnessed the happiest and cheeriest of lovers' meetings, the pretty scene being watched by crowds of Easter holiday-makers on shore. The *Giralda* is one of the best equipped of royal yachts, and this although it cannot compare in

The King's Almoners.

There seems to be some confusion about

the King's Almoners. The Hereditary Grand Almoner of England, who is the Marquess of Exeter, in virtue of his descent from the ancient family of Latimer, only officiates at a Coronation. But the Lord High Almoner, the office which was held till his death the other day by Bishop Lord Alwyne Compton, is always an ecclesiastic, and officiates at the Maundy Thursday distribution of the royal bounty. Though the office is now shorn of much of its ancient glory and of emoluments, it is still one of considerable dignity, and it is thought that the King may appoint to it either the Bishop of Ripon or Canon Hervey, the rector of Sandringham. His Majesty

splendour with the Tsar's *Standart* or the Kaiser's *Hohenzollern*. Princess Ena's love of the sea is inherited from both her parents, and it is hoped in the Isle of Wight that the Cowes Week of 1906 will be honoured with the presence of the *Giralda* in the Roads with the bridal pair on board.

Princess Ena's Orders.

Spain, ever gallant to the fair sex, has two Orders of Chivalry to which ladies are admitted, and they will be conferred almost immediately on Princess Ena of Battenberg. The Order of Maria Louisa (not to be confounded with the Order of Maria Isabella Louisa, which was given to the British Legion under Sir de Lacy Evans for their services in Spain in the 'thirties) is of one class, and is limited to those noble ladies who "distinguished themselves by their loyal services, sincere attachment, and noble virtues." Princess Ena will, in fact, herself bestow this Order when she becomes Queen of Spain. It was founded in 1792 by King Charles IV. for his Queen, Maria Louisa, and is under the patronage of St. Ferdinand. The badge of the Order is a white enamelled Maltese cross, bordered with violet, and having a figure of the saint in the centre, royally crowned and robed. The ribbon is violet, with a white band in the middle. The ladies of the Order are bound to visit once a month one of the great Spanish hospitals for women or some similar charitable institution. The other Order, that of Benevolence, which was founded by Queen Isabella II. just fifty years ago, on May 17, is not limited to ladies and has three classes. The badge is a star of six points, enamelled white with broad black border, and having in the centre a figure of Charity sitting with a child on her knee and the legend "A la Caridad." The ribbon is white, bordered with black.



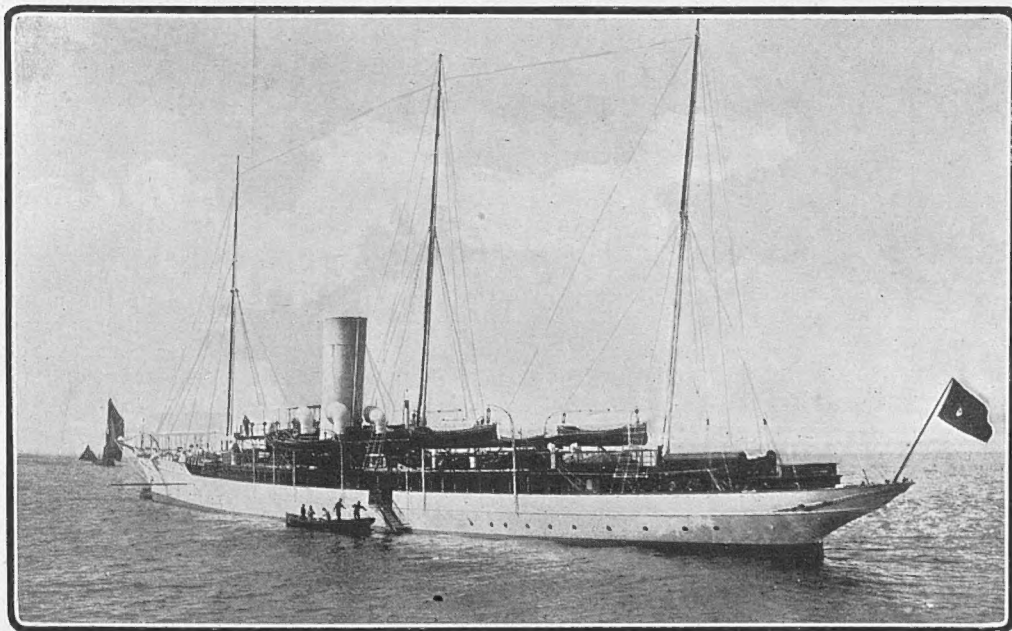
REFUSED ACCOMMODATION IN AMERICAN HOTELS: MAXIM GORKY, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST AND NOVELIST, AND MME. ANDREIEVA.

Maxim Gorky's visit to the United States cannot be said to have been successful from the social point of view. Almost immediately after his arrival, it was found that the lady travelling with him as Mme. Gorky was Mme. Andreieva, the Russian actress who has shared his fortunes since he and his wife separated. Thereupon, New York, full of righteous indignation, turned the couple from their hotels, and, finally, from their flats. The incident sent the novelist and the actress to Chicago, Gorky describing the New Yorkers as "the same spitting, vulgar people that Charles Dickens found."

is, however, quite likely to reform the whole institution of the Royal Almonry. Nearly seventy years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the Throne, a House of Commons Committee reported that the system of distributing the royal alms was mediæval, but practically no changes were made. It is absurd, for instance, that the number of recipients should depend on the age of the Sovereign.

King Oscar's Portrait.

Those who take an interest in occult phenomena will find much to their taste in the "Annales des Sciences Psychologiques," in which are reported several strange occurrences which took place when Norway was separated from Sweden. On November 18 last, we are told, a number of officers were assembled in the hall of the casino of Akerhus, waiting for King Haakon to make his entry. Suddenly a cracking noise was heard, and before anyone could turn round, a full-length portrait of King Oscar fell from the wall to the floor. The picture was picked up unhurt, but the crown on the top of the frame was smashed to atoms. A few days afterwards a reception was being held at the house of Mr. Hagerun, a former Prime Minister, and the guests were talking of the accident at Akerhus. Someone said that evidently the casino walls needed repairing, when suddenly a life-sized marble bust of King Oscar, which stood between the windows of the room, fell to the floor and was broken to pieces. Several other occurrences of a like nature are reported, and there can be no reason to doubt the good faith of the "Annales."



THE ROYAL LOVER'S VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: KING ALFONSO'S YACHT, "GIRALDA," ARRIVING AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The "Giralda" was met by the Admiralty barge with Princess Henry, Princess Ena, and the Princes Leopold and Maurice on board. Greetings were exchanged off Yarmouth, and the vessels steamed down to Cowes together. As soon as the "Giralda" had come to her moorings Princess Henry and Princess Ena boarded her and welcomed the young King.

Photograph by Stephen Critch.

Whales in the Black Sea.

The Black Sea is not exactly the place in which one would expect to catch whales, but it appears that there is in that sea a family of four whales, which is well known to sailors. A few days ago a young whale was caught by some fishermen off the Bulgarian coast, but Prince Ferdinand, when he heard of it, gave orders that the poor little creature was to be set at liberty at once. It is to be hoped that it was able to rejoin its parents, for it would be a great pity if this unique family of whales became extinct.



BELGIUM.—MLLE. GROS, PRESIDENT OF A COMMITTEE OF UNMARRIED LADIES WHO ARE GIVING A MATRIMONIAL PARTY TO "ALL THE BACHELORS OF THE WORLD."

Mlle. Gros and a body of her friends, calling themselves "The Committee of Maiden Ladies," have arranged, it is said, to give a matrimonial party on Whit Monday, June 4. "All the bachelors of the world" are cordially invited. The scene of the affair will be Ecaussines Lalain.

have decided, for their part, to agitate against this innovation, and have appointed a committee of seasoned drinkers to checkmate the innkeepers. They have also given the committee a title, which, although it is only one word, sums up the whole matter. It is as follows: "Vierdeziliterabgabeagitationskommissionsdelegiertenversammlungspetition." It is probable that, had not the size of the bocks been reduced, they would never have been able to say all this at once.

Election Petitions.

The first of the election petitions, that of Great Yarmouth, begins to-morrow (April 26). These struggles generally provide good sport for the public and endless opportunities of hair-splitting for the lawyers. We remember one case in which an M.P. was actually unseated because he had issued cards bearing his portrait with rounded edges, so that his supporters might stick them in their hats. This made them into articles of personal adornment, whereas if they had had square corners they would have been perfectly legal. Of course, the old days of the "Man in the Moon," a mysterious and generous person who bestowed sovereigns on the free and independent electors, with his face masked in crape, are gone; but the fact remains that the public are still apt to take a humorous view of electoral corruption. It is, indeed, a maxim among wirepullers that a petition never really "pays" the party that brings it, and that is, no doubt, why so few of them are presented.

A Strawberry-and-Cream Plant, and Other Possibilities.

without imitators. Mr. H. G. Wells, in pig or "am-and-eggs" provider; that the Excise authorities are being a good deal exercised over the idea of a whisky-and-soda tree—and whether it would be a pot or patent still, though the patent still is to be applied for; and that there are hopeful persons

The Longest Word.

The inkeepers of Berne have decided, in order to

THE MOST TALKED-OF
WOMEN IN BELGIUM,
RUSSIA, AND ENGLAND.

The ingenious American gentleman who is said to have produced a strawberry with several drops of cream in it, by dint of "crossing" the strawberry plant with the milkweed, will not be long. It is understood that efforts are being made by the Island of Dr. Moreau, to produce a chick-



RUSSIA.—MLLE. LERIN, WHO, IT IS SAID, IS TO BE PROSECUTED FOR PERJURY FOR INCORRECTLY STATING HER AGE WHILE GIVING EVIDENCE IN A MOTOR-CAR CASE.

Mlle. Lerin, who is a Russian actress, recently stated, while giving evidence in a motor-car case, that she was twenty-five. It is now asserted that she is to be prosecuted for perjury, on the ground that she was born in 1876. Mlle. Lerin is reported to have said that an actress is no older than she looks.

who are determined to reduce the price of motor-car and bicycle wheels by persistently "crossing" an iron mine with an indiarubber tree. Meanwhile the dairyman who proposed, at a secret meeting of the Dairymen's Association, to "cross" the milkweed with the water-melon, "merely in order to save trouble," has been presented with a service of gold plate and a large cheque. They do say, too, that the Labour Party are experimenting with the milkweed and the breadfruit-tree in order to facilitate the working of the Free Meals (Children) Act. Every elementary school will in future have its grove of bread-and-milk trees.

Victims of the Alps.

The "Club Alpin Suisse" has just published the statistics of the accidents which took place in the Swiss mountains during the year 1905. The number of persons who lost their lives was one hundred and seventy-two, and as more than one hundred and fifty thousand excursions were made up the mountains, the average comes out at very little over one per thousand. The majority of the lives were not lost on the higher summits, but on steep slopes at comparatively low elevations. The largest number of deaths was among the Swiss, and next came the Germans,

the French, the Austrians, and the Italians. Only five English tourists lost their lives, which shows how skilfully and how carefully our compatriots go up the mountains, despite the fact that they have a reputation for foolhardiness—amongst foreigners, at all events.



ENGLAND.—LADY WARWICK, WHO SOLD HER JEWELS TO HELP SOCIALISM AT THE RECENT ELECTION, SPEAKING AT A LABOUR MEETING.

A few days ago an American paper stated that Lady Warwick, who, in our photograph, is shown addressing a meeting called on behalf of a Labour candidate, had sold her jewels to assist the cause of Socialism at the polls during the recent election. In the course of a letter to Mr. H. G. Wilshire, a prominent American Socialist, Lady Warwick says—"I have a fair independent income as a woman. I give all I can spare from the home. I sold every jewel I possessed to help get our candidates to the poll. . . . The sum, of course, was a drop in the ocean; but gold was poured out like water by Liberal and Tory candidates, and the workers had only their own resources."

Photograph by Park.



THE HON. MRS. GODOLPHIN PELHAM,
WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON
THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.

Last Week's Weddings. Easter Week generally sees some notable weddings, and last week was no exception. A pretty country bridal took place at Minehead on Thursday, the bride being Miss Agnes Ollerhead and the bridegroom the Hon. Godolphin Pelham, a younger brother of Lord Chichester; while on Saturday one of the great weddings of the year took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the bridegroom being Lord Hugh Grosvenor, the youthful uncle of the Duke of Westminster, and the bride Lady Mabel Crichton.

Of Interest to Politicians.

Of interest to the political world as well as to military circles is the marriage of Mr. John Harrison Broad-

North Audley Street, where Miss Violet Milner, one of the most popular girls in Society, will become the wife of Captain Yorke on the 10th of next month. Miss Milner is connected with all sorts of well-known people, including the whole of the great Beckett clan. The wedding reception will be held at the residence of the bride's father, Sir Frederick Milner, and after their honeymoon the happy pair will probably proceed to India, where Captain Yorke's regiment is quartered.

A Real-Life Sherlock Holmes.

Mr. Justice Grantham, before whom and Mr. Justice Channell the Great Yarmouth election petition opens to-morrow, is the hero of a story which the world had



MISS VIOLET MILNER, WHO IS TO MARRY
CAPTAIN EDWARD YORKE.

Photograph by Thomson.

ley, only son of the well-known Member of Parliament, to Miss Rosamond Dugdale, the second daughter of Captain Dugdale, and a descendant from the famous antiquary of that name who was Garter King-at-Arms to Charles I.

Wet Paint.

The Bishop of Norwich, who preaches the Spital Sermon before the Lord Mayor and Corporation this afternoon, figures in a good many diverting stories, mainly apocryphal. One, however, he delights to tell against himself. Walking one day in a quiet suburb, he heard the thin, piping voice of a child crying, "Oh, please, Sir, would you mind opening this gate for me?" Delighted to assist, the good Bishop opened and held back the gate for the child. The latter, however, upon a closer examination, proved to be older than he had at first thought, which made him pleasantly ask why she herself could not open the gate. "Well, you see, Sir," she said with an arch smile, "the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my hands." An examination of his own hands amply confirmed the truth of her speculation.

A Country Bridal.

There is something very delightful about an old-fashioned country wedding in springtime. Such a one was celebrated yesterday at old-world Alderley, the bride, Miss Sylvia Stanley, being a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley and a cousin of many well-known people, including Lord Morpeth, Mrs. St. John Brodrick, and Earl Russell; while through her mother she is a granddaughter of the late Sir Lothian Bell. Miss Stanley's bridegroom is Mr. Anthony Henley, of the "Greys." Mr. Henley is, as our ancestors used to say, a young man of parts. He is intellectually brilliant, and belongs to the newer generation of "soldiers who think." He is a half-brother of Lord Henley, and went out to South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry.



MRS. ANTHONY HENLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE
TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Photograph by Beresford.

A May Marriage.

The twentieth-century bride is not superstitious, and there is quite a long list of May weddings in prospect. One of the smartest of these functions will certainly be celebrated at St. Mark's,



MISS ROSAMOND DUGDALE, WHO IS TO MARRY
MR. JOHN HARRISON BROADLEY.

Photograph by Beresford.

brought together a brilliant crowd, for the youthful bride has become very popular in that section of London Society which delights in everything young and fair. Miss Wilde is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Siegel, wife of the American millionaire of that name, and through her own late father the new Countess is a niece of Admiral G. Wilde, to whom the United States may be said to owe the conquest of the Philippines. Following the new fashion, Mrs. Siegel entertained her own and her son-in-law's friends after the wedding at Claridge's, where she had taken a large suite of rooms. The Countess Dentice di Frasso will be well provided with jewels, her bridegroom having presented her with a necklace consisting of four yards of pearls, as well as a really wonderful tiara of diamonds and emeralds.

An Interesting Marriage.

The American and Italian colonies, to say nothing of the great Roman Catholic world, has taken the deepest interest in the marriage of Miss Georgine Wilde to Count Carlo Dentice di Frasso. The marriage, which was celebrated on the Monday of this week at the Oratory, brought together a brilliant crowd, for the youthful bride has become very popular in that section of London Society which



COUNTESS DENTICE DI FRASSO, WHOSE
MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

COULD A "SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER" OVERTAKE GREAT BRITAIN?

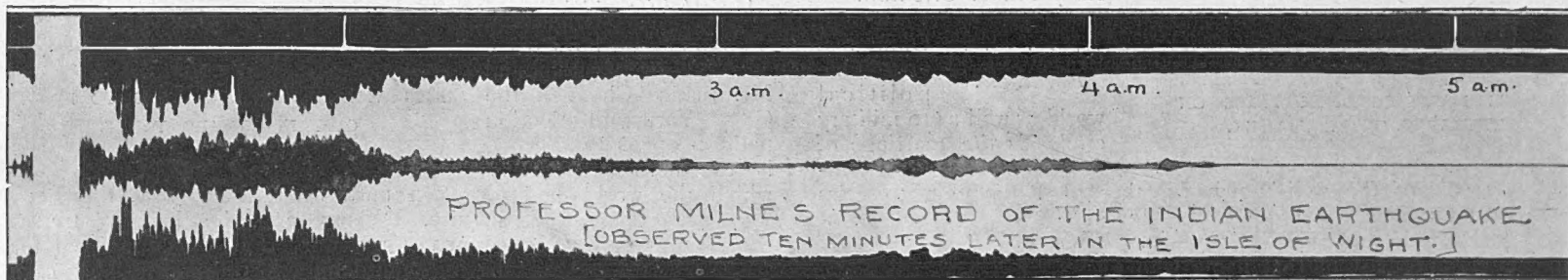
OUR LIABILITY TO EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.

"Great Britain is crossed about a hundred times a year by earthquake waves having durations from three minutes to three hours."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in his essay on San Francisco, wrote—"Thus in the course of a generation only this city and its suburbs have arisen. Men are alive by the score who have hunted all over the foundations in a dreary waste; but I wonder what enchantment of the Arabian Nights can have equalled this evocation of a roaring city in a few years of a man's life from the marshes and the blowing sand? Such swiftness of increase as with an overgrown youth suggests a corresponding swiftness of

dealing with the greater forces of nature we have, however, to recognise that, despite the patient investigation given by many scientific workers, the only certain result is an accumulation of facts, the laws governing the phenomena remaining either unknown or but slightly understood.

Lines of the greatest slope of the land appear to be subject to the maximum disturbance, although this does not hold in all cases, being modified by the nature of the ground-surface, some rocks offering



HOW EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS ARE RECORDED: A SEISMOGRAPH RECORD OF THE RECENT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake shock in San Francisco was duly recorded by the seismograph belonging to Professor Milne, of Shide Seismographic Observatory, Isle of Wight, and by the instrument at the Royal Observatory, Blackford Hill, Edinburgh. The latter instrument recorded the fact that the earthquake began at 1.22 p.m. with very short preliminary tremors, that at 1.49 the waves began to increase in amplitude, that they reached their maximum at 1.53, and that they then gradually decreased until 4.45, when they ceased. In order to show how records of earthquakes are taken, we give a reproduction of one made in Professor Milne's Observatory on the occasion of the recent earthquake in India.

destruction. We are in early geological epochs, changeful and insecure, and we feel as with a sculptor's model that the author may yet grow weary of and shatter the rough sketch." Such a prophecy, if a prophecy it may be called, could scarcely be made concerning this country, where growth is a matter of centuries rather than of days and months. For that matter, also, it is the belief of scientists that we are never very likely to be visited by earthquake shocks of a dangerous nature.

The fact remains, however, that we are liable to such shocks, and it may astonish many to learn that it is recorded that "Great Britain is crossed about a hundred times a year by earthquake waves having durations from three minutes to three hours." Most of these are

traceable to remote centres of disturbance, and are so slight in nature that were it not for the fact that they are duly recorded on the delicate seismograph we should be unaware of their existence. For many years we have had no shock that could be called dangerous, but eight hundred years ago London did "catch it," when "strange it was for the strong trembling of the earth, but more strange for the doleful rumbling and hideous roaring it yielded forth." The same generation experienced another

more resistance to fracture than others. We also know that many regions of the earth's crust are in slow but continual upheaval or depression, as is proved most convincingly by the mode of formation of coral islands, and it is noteworthy that earthquakes are found to be specially prevalent in those districts where there are these evidences of secular variations of the earth's surface. Captain de Montessus de Ballore has found that in a group of adjacent seismic (that is, earthquake-affected) regions, the most active are those that have the greatest amount of topographical relief, or, say, the most rugged scenery. Taking also the lines of mountainous or hilly formation on the earth's surface as a kind of corrugation, the regions most liable to fracture by earthquake are those associated with the greatest corrugation.

The most common explanations of the cause of earthquakes are as follows: (1) Stresses produced irregularly by accumulations of snow at the poles of the earth; (2) stresses produced irregularly by the variations of denuded material by atmospheric agents on the earth's crust; (3) land-slips of geological strata; (4) intrusions of volcanic dykes; (5) irregularities of the earth's balance on its axis, as shown by the minute alteration of the pole when observed for determinations of latitudes.

To return to ourselves, Great Britain does not lie within the areas of dangerous disturbances. We have no great diversity of topography compared with the huge mountain ranges of the Continent, although we have volcanic regions running through Wales and the Grampians and the North of Ireland, and Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, is an extinct volcano; still, as we have before remarked, we are liable to earthquake shocks, even though they be but slight, and during the last ten years such shocks have been recorded at Shide (Isle of Wight), Kew Observatory, Bidston (Liverpool), Edinburgh, and Paisley.



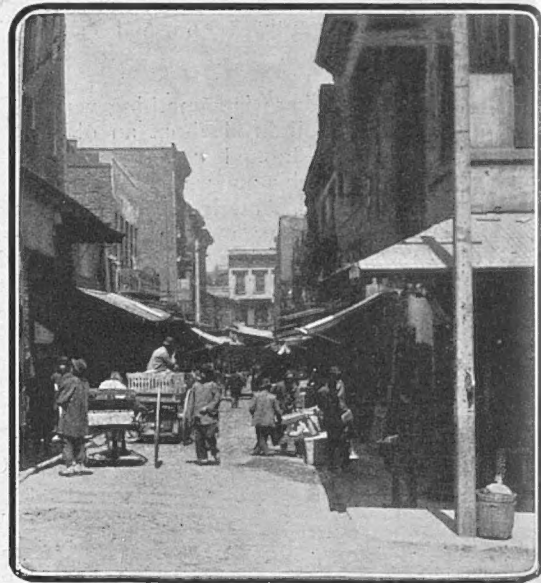
WHERE VISITORS TO SAN FRANCISCO LAND:
THE UNION FERRY DEPÔT.

The Union Ferry Depôt was recently built by the State of California. Through it travellers landing from the steamers passed on their way to the booking-offices of the railway termini. It was regarded as one of the finest buildings in the city.

Photograph by H. C. White and Co.

shock, and saw flames issue from the earth to consume many houses. Then, as was the case two centuries later, London's bells were set ringing, but England held to her moorings, to withstand another shaking a century and a half ago, which made all London believe that the last day had come.

Such disasters as that which has visited San Francisco and brought the "Paris of America" to destruction naturally make it a point of interest to ascertain those regions of the world which are likely to be the object of the next convulsion. When



BURNT DOWN IN LESS THAN AN HOUR:
CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

Chinatown, famous throughout California as one of the pest-spots of America, was speedily involved in the destruction wrought by the earthquake at San Francisco. Many Chinese were killed and many injured.

From a Photograph.

WRECKED AND UNDER MARTIAL LAW: SAN FRANCISCO,
THE CITY OF DESOLATION.



At the moment of writing, the accounts of the appalling disaster in San Francisco are so many and so varied that it is difficult to give anything like an accurate estimate of the damage wrought by the earthquake and the fire consequent upon it. So far as can be ascertained at present, it appears that the city has been practically demolished, that 200,000 persons are homeless, that the monetary damage may be over rather than under £60,000,000, and that there is likely to be a death-roll of 5000. As we have already said, accounts vary very much, and in no case more than in that of the "Chronicle" office, which on the one hand is said to have been destroyed, and on the other to have withstood the shock.

Stereographs copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York; and photographs by J. F. Jarvis, and H. C. White.



By E. A. B.

Taming a Brigand. Mrs. Laura Fitzgerald, the young American lady who has set out to explore the great Atlas Mountains, is what her compatriots would call hunting trouble. In the region into which she goes, brigands grow wild. Perhaps she knows how to manage them. There is a way, although Miss Stone did not possess the secret. "Money or life!" said a notorious character, pouncing upon Skilizzi, the Greek sculptor, a few years ago. "Put up that gun," said the sculptor firmly. The brigand obeyed, and the other went on, "If I give you my purse, the money will not go far, and you will continue a brigand until you are hanged." The outlaw agreed, adding that he could not let his wife and children starve, though, were these secured, he would relinquish his life of outlawry at once. "If you will go with me, give yourself up, and work out your sentence—which, by your going voluntarily, would be

Napoleon's death which may be recalled in this connection. His heart was removed for preservation, and, for the time being, placed in a silver urn beside the body. A pious worshipper of the dead man sat to watch in the chamber through the night. He was awakened from the slumber into which he had fallen by a splash and a thud, and looked up to see a huge rat dragging towards its retreat the heart of the dead lion. A shot from his old Brown Bess saved the situation. That sentry was the grandfather of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

An "Infant's" £500 a Week.

How many, if any, of those who witnessed Miss Ellen Terry's début will be present at her jubilee? Her ascent to fame was gradual; and in her case there has been no unsaying of praises. She was eight when she first appeared upon the stage—three years younger than the "Infant Roscius," but she won no such triumphs as a child as were his. Before he had been playing many nights he was given a fee of fifty guineas for each performance, with a "clear benefit" a fortnight. His earnings rapidly reached £500 a week, and when he withdrew from the stage at seventeen to proceed to Cambridge University he had amassed a fortune. He returned to the theatre later in life, but with very moderate success. Where, before, the military had had to guard the theatre, where solemn Scots Church dignitaries had adjourned their debates, as Parliament had, to witness his performances, now only small audiences assembled, and those not enthusiastic. He finally retired at two-and-thirty, and frankly confessed



HOW THE TRAMS CROSS THE RIVER IN RUSSIA: THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY ACROSS THE NEVA.

St. Petersburg's service of electric trams crosses the Neva when that river is frozen. At night the track is lighted by electric lamps fixed to the standards on either side of the line.

Photographs by Bulla.

light—I will pledge my word that I will take care of your wife and family." They struck a bargain on the spot, and the brigand "did time," and breathed a blessing on his benefactor at the prison gate.

Posthumous Adventures.

The formal reinterment of the remains of Paul Jones in America this week should make our cousins happy; until they had got the illustrious pirate safely under their ground they could not be satisfied. But it is not certain that they will keep him where he is. The remains of President Lincoln have been moved twelve times. It is the ill-luck of some men not to be permitted rest after life has ended. Ben Jonson's skull has been in and out of St. Paul's Cathedral; Cromwell's ashes might be as bountiful as the saints', in so many places have they been reported to lie. As a fact, Sir George Wombwell believes that he has them bricked up in his Yorkshire home. Somebody cherishes a fragment of King Charles's head, which became detached when the Prince Regent was making his examination. A weird treasure, it would seem; but some people love to give, and, better still, to receive such. "I feel assured," wrote an American admirer of Hazlitt, "that any part of so great a being as George Cooke will be a curiosity and richly valued. The bearer of this will offer a morsel of the liver of this wondrous man."

The Heart of Napoleon and Sir Arthur Sullivan's Grandfather.

For the sake of one's bones it is better that one should be obscure. Cremation may serve, but if the story of the incinerated auntie converted by an accident to the purposes of a dentifrice be true, even that is not an infallible method. Burns's coffin was opened thirty-eight years after his death that a cast might be taken of his skull; and Sir Thomas Browne's is still upon its travels. There is a grim story about



ELECTRIC TRAMS ON THE ICE: A WINTER SCENE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

that the raptures over his early performances had been aroused by an exaggerated estimate of his powers.

Tennyson's Doctor, and his Prescriptions by Pigeon-Post.

The Isle of Wight, where the King of Spain has been having so pleasant a time, was the scene of the events set forth in Tennyson's poem, "The First Quarrel." It all happened as he described it—the second sweetheart was discovered by the wife after the wedding-day. The bridegroom was about to depart to seek work in Jersey. They quarrelled, bridegroom and bride, and he went out unforgiven, to drown in the boat which sank that night. The doctor in the poem, "the only friend" of the poor lone heroine, still lives—a remarkable man, Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs. His round embraces the whole island, yet he manages to edit a quarterly magazine, own and run a newspaper, to write liberally for both, and turn out plays and stories. When he first knew Tennyson there was only one strip of railway in the island, and as he had to visit patients twenty miles from his home, he had to organise a pigeon-post. Diagnosing a patient's symptoms, he would scribble a prescription, tie it on to the leg of a pigeon, and liberate the bird. The latter, upon arrival at its home, would be captured, the prescription passed on to the local chemist, and the medicine sent out the same evening by carrier.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A PRINCE WHO SELLS BOTTLED WATER FROM THE JORDAN: THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

The Grand Duke of Hesse is said to have an interest in the Jordan Water Market, a company recently formed for retailing water from the Jordan to those who desire it for use at baptisms. A bottle of the water costs 15s., with a discount of 4s. to clergymen.



DEATH IN A BOUQUET: A REVOLVER INGENUOUSLY HIDDEN IN A BUNCH OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

The ingenuity of the Anarchist is shown by many of the devices he adopts, but in no case, perhaps, better than in that illustrated—a revolver hidden by flowers. In the hands of a desperate woman, in particular, such a device might well prove dangerous. Similar ideas—ideas, indeed, that might have made many a man's fortune, had they been differently employed—are, unhappily, fairly common, but it is seldom that they take so ornamental a shape. Usually, the greatest care is exercised in the endeavour to make the bomb or the revolver do its work effectively, not in the desire to disguise the missile or weapon. After all, there is very little chance of the Anarchist escaping detection.



THE PRISON-EDITOR OF THE "LIEPZIGER VOLKSZEITUNG": HERR KRESSIN.

Herr Kressin, who was recently sent to prison for lese-majesté against the King of Saxony, is a professional prison-editor. He suffers imprisonment for his paper when necessary, and there are few Socialist journals that have not a prison-editor.



HORSES THAT HAVE TROTTED NEARLY 40,000 MILES IN SIX YEARS: SEÑOR RAFAEL RODRIGUEZ'S TEAM.

Six years ago Señor Rafael Rodríguez, accompanied by his friend, Señor Enrique Sarecho, and a half-bred Indian servant, began a tour of South America, visiting nearly every town of importance. The three horses seen in the photograph went through the whole tour with them, and it is estimated that they must have trotted not less than 40,000 miles.



DISMISSED ON ACCOUNT OF THE KAISER'S CRITICISM: HERR MAX GRUBE.

Herr Grube was playing in "William Tell" at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, when the Kaiser noticed that in the "Apple Scene" he rode in buskins instead of boots. This annoyed his Majesty, with the result that the actor's contract was cancelled.



A BAVARIAN PRINCESS WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUEEN OF ENGLAND: PRINCESS MARIE THÉRÈSE.

Princess Marie Thérèse of Bavaria, who is shown seated in the centre of the photograph, is the oldest living descendant of James I., and but for the Act which gave the British Throne to the Hanoverians, might have been Mary IV. of Great Britain. She does not bother herself about the "might have beens," however, and is quite friendly with this country. One of her sons attended Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, riding in the procession to St. Paul's. This, it is said, did not give undiluted pleasure to those who maintain, more or less strenuously, that Princess Marie should be their Queen.

Photograph by Jaeger and Goergen.



THE INVENTOR AND OWNER OF A MOTOR-CAR PAWNSHOP: MR. LEVY.

Mr. Levy has fitted up a large motor-car with a cash-safe and a strong-room, and has applied for permission to ply the profession of pawnbroker on American race-courses. He is likely to do good business.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"MARKHEIM"—"DOROTHY O' THE HALL"—"THE BOND OF NINON"—SOME MUSICAL PLAYS.

THE Easter output of the theatres has, as usual, been large and varied, musical comedy taking the most prominent place, while the legitimate drama can show "Markheim," "Dorothy o' the Hall," and "The Bond of Ninon." "Markheim," written as a story by R. L. Stevenson, was a study of a stricken conscience arguing with its Familiar Spirit. Transferred to the stage by Mr. W. L. Courtney for Mr. H. B. Irving at the Lyric, it loses some of its ghostly terror, but provides that fine player with an opportunity for a very grim and powerful piece of acting as he gropes in a dark room for the gold of a murdered man.

"Dorothy o' the Hall" is the latest triumph of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry in the drama which is loved by the multitude, and known by the alluring title of "romantic comedy." That it will be a triumph seems certain from the rapture of the audience at its production. The rules of the game are simple. Take a well-known figure in picturesque surroundings; open an elementary history-book of the period; and sprinkle in all the august personages available; think of all the violent situations, hackneyed, preposterous, or simply silly, which can be crammed into the space of three hours, and then proceed to cram them in. Thus we have the tragicomic story of fair Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. (For "of," read "o'"; this will give Elizabethan atmosphere.) And a strange and wonderful Dorothy it is which Mr. Paul Kester, Mr. Charles Major, and Miss Julia Neilson have between them evolved. The brain reels at the things she does, and the vigour with which she does them. Men and circumstances are but puppets in her hands, made to dance at her will. Queens are helpless before her. At a pinch she will draw the sword and keep a traitor at bay. For her a whipping at the butcher's hands has no terrors. She does not hesitate to play Petruchio when she is not playing Katherine to a hard-hearted father. Threatened with a scene from "La Tosca," she is never at a loss. To her the manners of a fishwife are not inconsistent with the dignity of a romantic heroine; and at it all her audiences rise with one accord and proclaim that it is great.

Which, in its way, I suppose it is. Miss Neilson carries it all off with a vigour and an enthusiasm which never hesitate and never flag. To those who support her she leaves little to do, for Dorothy is the play and the whole play; but in the whirlwind may occasionally be seen Mr. Fred Terry, playing with dignity the manly lover; Mr. Horace Hodges, gently pathetic as a faithful jester; and Miss Miriam Lewes and Miss Adeline Bourne doing what can be done with the figures of the two Queens, Elizabeth and Mary.

The above rules for the writing of romance have also been obeyed by Miss Clotilde Graves in "The Bond of Ninon," with which Miss Lena Ashwell has begun her season at the Savoy; but the play

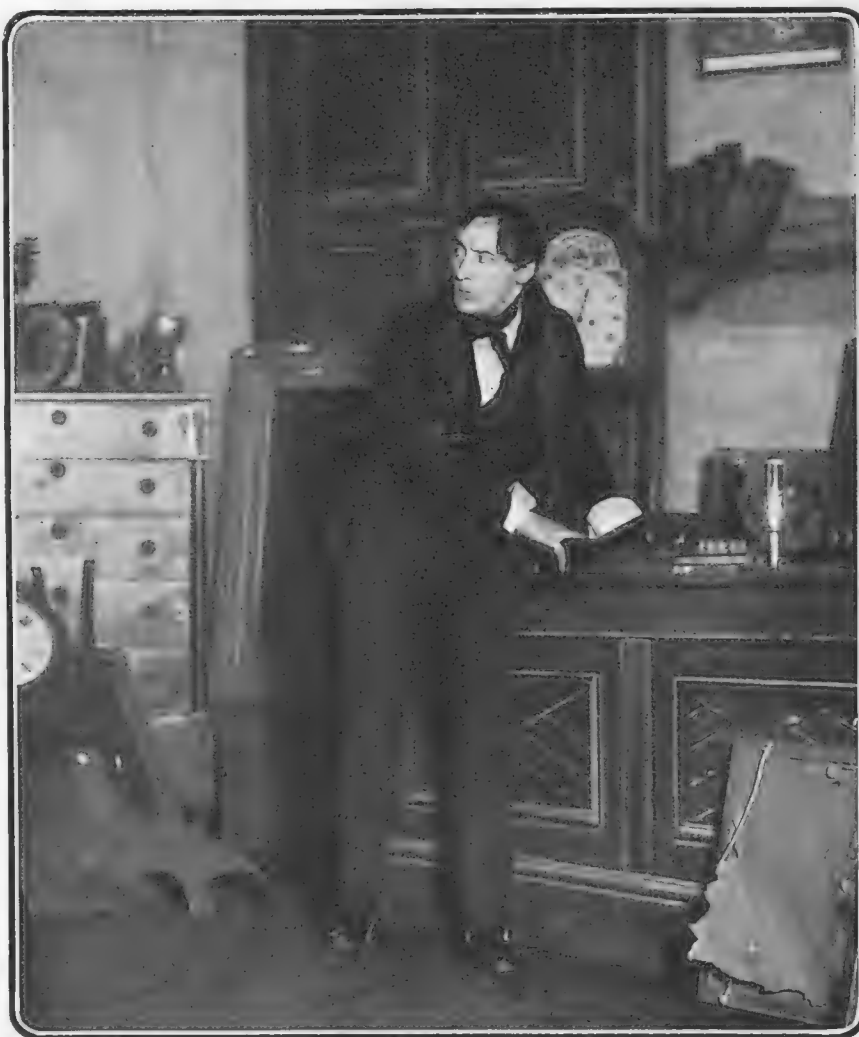
has a certain distinction and a sense of humour in the situations which puts it on a considerably higher plane. The heroine is the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, of the time of Louis XIV., and the story is the familiar one of self-sacrifice, with less familiar incidents which turn on the valour of her lover and his defiance of the King. It is a spirited and entertaining performance, which rings with the clashing of swords and glows with the artificial ardour of Court gallantry; and if Miss Ashwell has done finer work, yet the part of Ninon becomes in her hands a very charming and sympathetic study, and very clever studies are contributed by Mr. H. V. Esmond and Mr. Henry Ainley.

In "The Belle of Mayfair" Miss Edna May returns to town after a long absence and shows that her sweet simplicity has not lost any of its power to charm, while the critical may note an improvement in her voice and technique. The play is of the type of musical comedy which may boast of, without being hampered by, a plot: two lovers, two parents, and a faint outline of the story of Romeo and Juliet provide opportunities for an admirable company, in which Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. Courtice Pounds shine with pre-eminent brilliance, and Mr. Arthur Williams is in his best form.

"The Dairymaids," at the Apollo, is another musical comedy which will be on the high-road to success by this time. Mr. Paul Rubens, who is responsible for the greater part of the music and the lyrics, has long ago discovered exactly what the public wants. His work in this case shows something more than his usual ingenuity, and he has found in Mr. Arthur Wimperis a useful collaborator. The authors have not troubled about plot; a dairy and a ladies' school provide the necessary backing for the low comedy of Mr. Walter Passmore and Mr. Dan Rolyat (a new humorist with an original style who made his mark at once), the charm of Miss Agnes Fraser and Miss Carrie Moore, and the really beautiful singing of

Miss Florence Smithson, who in two delightful little songs confirmed the good impression she made in "The Blue Moon."

"Castles in Spain," at the New Royalty, presumably has for its primary object the exploitation of Mr. Harry Fragson, of Drury Lane fame, and the chief improvement to be suggested is that that object should be kept more in view. He has a sympathetic voice and uses it like an artist; he can turn a pretty song, and he plays the dandy with the air of one born to the part. While the scene was his flat and he lounged about the piano, we seemed to be in for a new and original kind of musical entertainment, with claims to the title "comic opera." Afterwards, when we passed to the gorgeous costumes and the dances of Madrid, the central figure was a little lost, and "musical comedy" was the proper name for its surroundings. There was a certain distinction in the music throughout, and some of the choruses were ably written, while the two chief ladies, Miss May de Sousa (also from Drury Lane) and Miss Mabel Nelson, sang admirably.



A ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON STORY ON THE STAGE: MR. H. B. IRVING AS MARKHEIM IN "MARKHEIM," AT THE LYRIC.
Photograph taken specially for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.

THE MODERN JULIET.



MISS EDNA MAY, WHO IS PLAYING JULIA CHALDICOTT IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR,"

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"The Belle of Mayfair" is a modern version of "Romeo and Juliet," as "The Catch of the Season" was a modern version of "Cinderella," and as "The Beauty of Bath" is a modern version of "David Garrick." Miss Edna May is playing Juliet, otherwise Julia, to the Romeo, or Raymond, of Mr. Farren Soutar.

Photographs by Savony; supplied by Bassano.

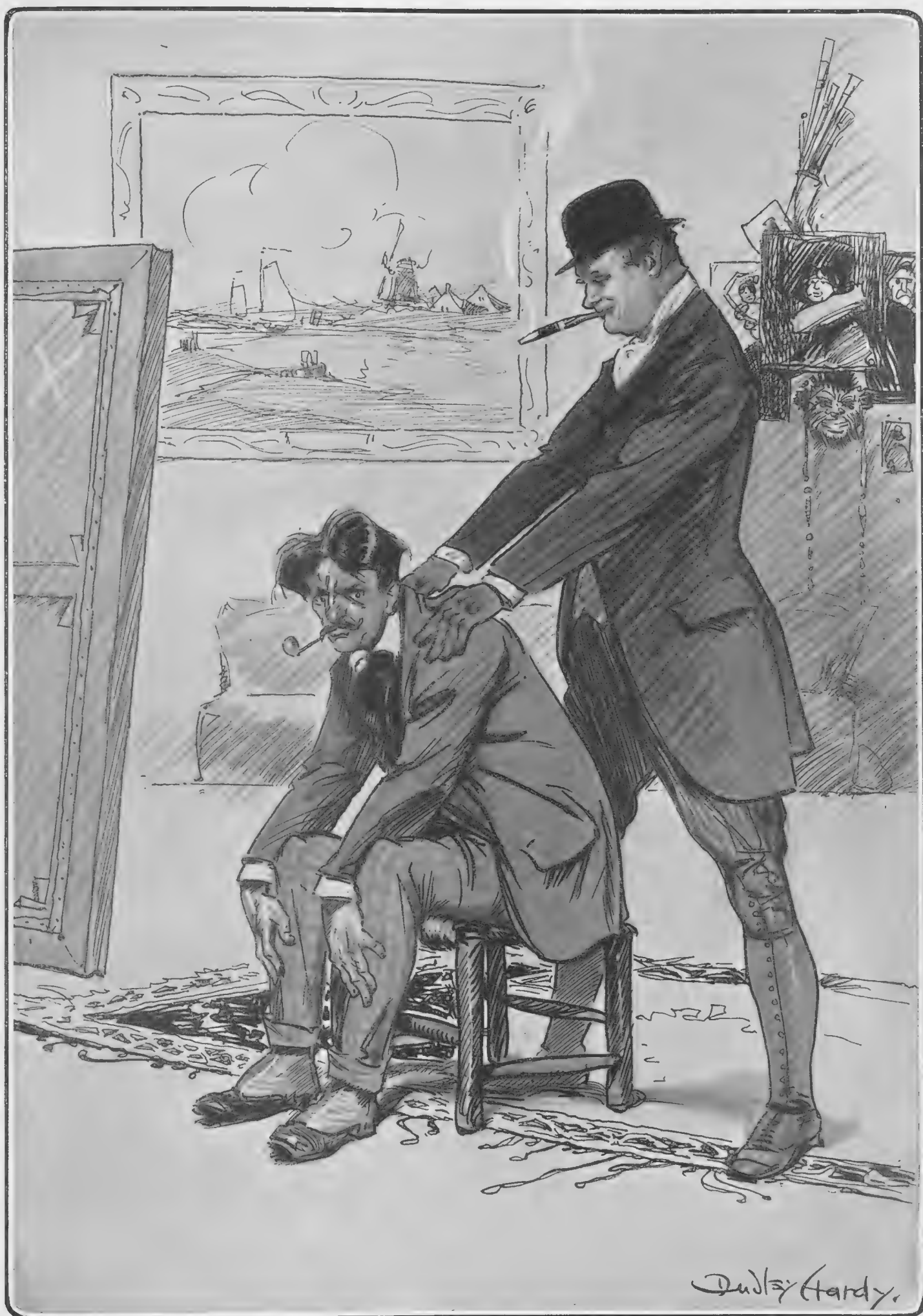
THEY A' HING THEGITHER.



GUARD (*searching for lost property*): Hae ye a black macintosh in there?
PASSENGER: Na, we're a' Red Macgregors.

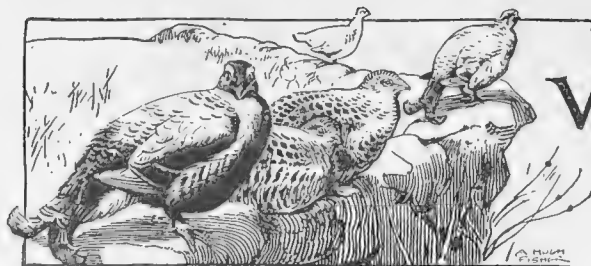
DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

THE CONSOLATION THAT IS NOT COMPENSATION.



SYMPATHETIC FRIEND (to Brown, whose picture has been rejected by the Royal Academy): Never mind, my boy.
I'll bring the rich uncle round. He'll buy any old thing.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Changing Grouse Eggs and the Liability to Disease.

Turning again to a question I was discussing last week, I think it would be interesting to find out whether the hand-rearing of grouse tends to increase or decrease the liability to disease. There have been very few cases of trouble in the last year or two, and many of the grouse reported diseased showed upon examination no true symptom of the plague that has so often decimated the Scottish moors.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S BIRTHPLACE: THE HOUSE IN MARKET STREET, COVENTRY, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS ACTRESS WAS BORN.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Terry were fulfilling an engagement at Coventry when their daughter Ellen was born on the 27th of February, 1848. Miss Terry last visited the house in 1898.

Photograph by Rowman.

ground game are frequently improved by a little change of blood, and what serves fur might well serve feather. In the old days, when game was not as highly preserved as it is to-day, in-breeding must, of course, have prevailed to the fullest possible extent, but then the weaklings, the birds that were not qualified to hold out in the struggle for life, were struck down by the harriers, the falcons, the eagles, and all other birds of prey that do Nature's work by seeing that none but the fittest survive. These stern servants of Nature are now subjected to so fierce a persecution that they cannot play their old part.

Preservation in the Best Sense.

Although many landowners are doing their very best to preserve rare birds and beasts, there is not too much reason to hope that their efforts will be crowned with success. In the shooting leases of some Highland forests there is a clause forbidding the taking of the golden eagle; efforts have been made to give the wild cat a last resting-place in the forests of Caithness and Sutherlandshire; the dainty pine-marten lives there still; while in other parts of these islands the badger, most fascinating of all country dwellers, is allowed to spend his simple, harmless life in peace. Unfortunately, birds and beasts have no way of finding out the boundaries of the area of their protection. They stray, and when they have wandered far enough from sanctuary they are bound to meet a fool who carries a gun and misuses it. The golden eagle, for example, though his home may be as far away as the Shetland Islands, will travel as far south as Yorkshire. The wild cat, in times of stress, will leave the silent depths of the forest, and raid a farmyard. The badger, like the otter, has but to be seen and he will surely be pursued. While there is some excuse for the man who shoots a strange bird at sight without pausing to think, there is no excuse for one who tracks fur or feather to its home, and kills or captures deliberately. Until these tricks can be discouraged, our rare birds and beasts will have but little chance, and they may not survive the period required for the effective discouragement of their pursuit.

Corkscrew and Fox.

Of set purpose I have refrained hitherto from commenting upon the disgusting revelations published in the *Standard* a few weeks ago in connection with fox-hunting. Now that the season is over, it is permissible to refer again to what was set out. Briefly put, a hunting-man wrote to protest against the action of certain servants of the hunt who introduced a weapon like a corkscrew into an earth that held a fox, impaled the unfortunate animal upon it, and threw it to the hounds. At first sight it seems impossible that such action should be tolerated for a moment in any civilised country, but unfortunately the facts are beyond dispute. The correspondent, who was compelled to remain anonymous because he was no more than a guest in the hunting country, is an old and esteemed friend of mine, as fine a shot and as straight a rider as ever handled gun or put foot in stirrup. He was in a most difficult position, and took the only course open to him when he published the facts, and did no more than give his name to the editor of the *Standard*. It is to be hoped that before the next hunting season comes round some of the many gentlemen interested not only in hunting but in the honour of hunting-men, will investigate this business, and either stop it once and for all time, or pillory the cads responsible for it.

Bad Treatment for Foxes.

At the best of times the fox is not too well treated. When he is killed in the open at the end of a long run his troubles are too soon over to call for compassion. He has played the game, has been beaten, and pays forfeit, quickly, if not gladly. On the other hand, the digging out of a fox to throw to hounds, on the ground that they must be "blooded," is a most unpleasing piece of work, and could on very many occasions be dispensed with. In Ireland there is a deep-rooted objection to the practice, and it would be no bad thing to try and do without it in this country. A fox that has run well to-day may run just as well in a week or so. Such a reflection has saved many a fox that has gone to ground when the pack is clamouring round the earth and the huntsman is hinting respectfully that it will be as well to blood the pack. I never heard anything said by an M.F.H. that has pleased me better than the words, "No; he may give us another good run. Don't dig." One thing is certain: if the corkscrew, and the three-pronged instrument that sometimes serves as a substitute under the auspices of the same Master, are to continue to serve the purposes of this hunt, it will be as well for the people who believe in the humanity of the average Briton to make no further reference to those cruel Spaniards who permit bull-fighting to flourish in their midst.



THE SCENE OF MISS ELLEN TERRY'S ONLY PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE IN HER NATIVE CITY: THE THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE, COVENTRY. NOW DEMOLISHED.

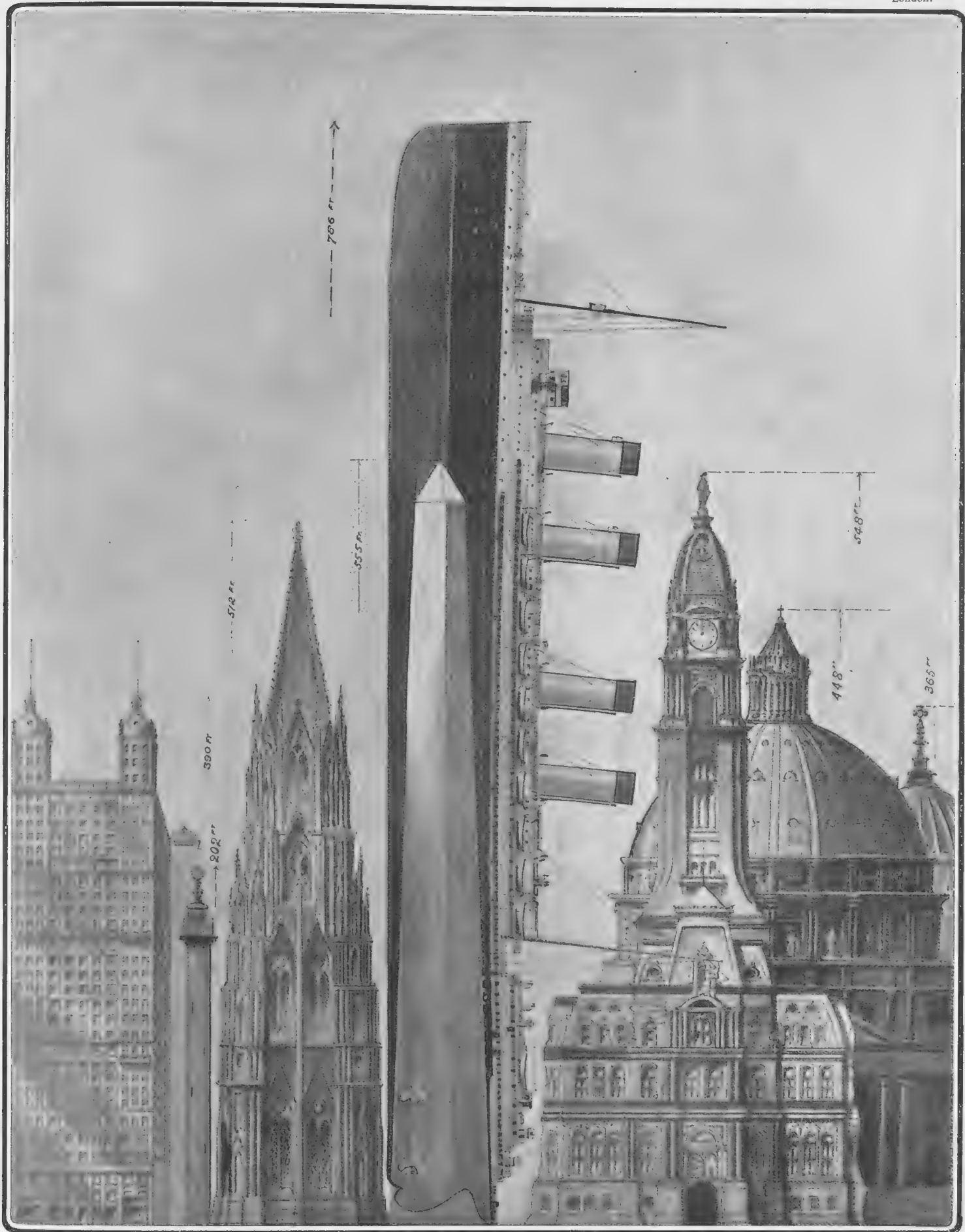
Miss Ellen Terry's father was appearing at the theatre here illustrated when she was born. She herself played in it in 1880, on the occasion of her only professional visit to her native city. The precise dates are Nov. 10 and Nov. 11, and the famous actress appeared as Portia, and as Lillian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres." Her husband, the late Mr. Charles Wardell, known professionally as Charles Kelly, "starred" with her.

Photograph by Wilkins

A LINER THAT IS TWICE AS LONG AS ST. PAUL'S IS HIGH.

The New Cunarder.

St. Paul's Cathedral,
London.



Park Row Building,
New York.

The Monument,
London.

One of the Spires of
Cologne Cathedral.

The Washington
Monument.

The City Hall,
Philadelphia.

St. Peter's,
Rome.

THE LARGEST STEAM-SHIP IN THE WORLD: ONE OF THE NEW CUNARDERS COMPARED WITH SEVEN FAMOUS TALL BUILDINGS.

It is intended that the Cunarders now in course of construction (one at Clydesdale; the other on the Tyne) shall bring back to the famous line the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic," which means that they will have to cross the Pond at a greater average speed than 23'58 knots an hour, the record set up by the North German Lloyd's "Kaiser Wilhelm II." It is claimed that they will average 25 knots, and they will be the largest vessels in the world. The figures are: Length over all, 786 feet; beam, 88 feet; depth, 60 feet; displacement, 43,000 tons; horse-power, 75,000; speed, 25 knots. It is interesting to compare these figures with those of the famous old "Great Eastern": Length over all, 692 feet; beam, 83 feet; depth, 57½ feet; displacement, 27,000 tons; horse-power, 8000; speed, 14'25 knots.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

BY the death of Dr. Richard Garnett all of us who care in the least for books have lost a good and true friend. Perhaps there never was a life more completely identified with books, more unbrokenly spent in the company of books, than was Dr. Garnett's. He was but sixteen when he entered the Printed Book Department of the British Museum, and there it may be said he remained to the end, although, of course, he retired on his pension some years ago. He did not by any means cease visiting his beloved haunts on this account, but was generally to be found in the familiar places. Dr. Garnett, though the most devoted of bookmen, kept his heart alive in the most wonderful way. He never became in the least degree desiccated, cold, or pedantic. To the last he was full of red blood, warm, hearty, cordial sympathy, and the most eager interest in everything that was going on. Nothing came amiss to him, from astrology to politics. His life was rich in friendships of every kind, and it is safe to say that he did not leave behind him a single enemy. His great work is the catalogue of the British Museum Library, and it may well serve as his memorial. He wrote many other books, and very good some of them are; but everything was subordinated to the Museum. Dr.

Garnett, if he had been free to develop his gifts of scholarship and imagination, would no doubt have taken a high and permanent place in English literature. But the sense of duty was ever paramount in him, and he conceived himself bound to the service of the British Museum. That service was his delight. It is little to say that it was rendered ungrudgingly; it was given with the heartiest pleasure, and the day when Dr. Garnett took an official leave of the

Museum was a day which he never craved for, and the coming of it he somewhat deprecated and feared. This good and gifted man has left behind him the most fragrant of memories, the most pleasant of associations.

In a new and scholarly book, "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union," by Frederick Scott Oliver (Constable and Co.), a very high and well-merited compliment is paid to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. The writer says: "It must be frankly admitted that no adequate Life of Hamilton has yet been written. His achievements have been chronicled, praised, and condemned; but in the case of such a character it is impossible to rest content with an account of his public deeds. . . . The only vivid account of 'the man' with which I am acquainted is to be found in the historical romance by Mrs. Atherton entitled 'The Conqueror.' If the writer of a dusty historical essay may speak without impertinence of the merits of such a work, I should venture to express my admiration for the insight of the authoress. Her presentment of Hamilton, in my humble judgment, is not merely a masterly work of art, but a most serious and truthful portrait." Mr. Oliver goes on to express the hope that Mrs. Atherton will write the authentic memoir which she has half promised. In any case, we have her book, a book of genius if any has been written in recent years. There has been no parallel to Alexander Hamilton in the wonderful annals of the United States.

He lived but forty-seven years, and it might be said that for nearly all of them he was a force. When he was but a young student he wrote and spoke so as to produce a considerable influence upon the whole State of New York. While he was a soldier he was also an organiser, a diplomatist, and a writer of despatches that have a world-wide celebrity. When he became Secretary of the Treasury in General Washington's Cabinet he achieved more than anyone else to promote the union of the States, and at his death he was leader of the Bar and the acknowledged chief of a powerful political party.

Mr. Alfred Austin receives little mercy from the critics, and if he has read the reviews of his recent book the experience must have been somewhat trying. I do not think any notice has been taken of the undoubted fact that when Mr. Gladstone was established for the last time in Downing Street and found among his many perplexities the question of the Laureateship, he thought of appointing John Ruskin! The biographer of Sir Henry Acland says: "It is no longer a secret that in his endeavour to keep it [the Laureateship]

on the high moral plane where Wordsworth and Tennyson placed it, his thoughts strayed to Ruskin, and Acland was applied to by him as to whether Ruskin's health would permit of the offer being made; but Acland could give him no encouragement, and the project fell stillborn."

Mr. Horace Traubel, in his new book on "Walt Whitman in Camden," faithfully Boswellises Whitman as he uttered himself from March 28 to July 14. The

result is not very important. In order to have another Boswell's Life of Johnson, you must have a Johnson as well as a Boswell. Whatever comparison may be justly instituted between Mr. Traubel and Boswell, the interval between Johnson and Whitman is incalculable. It seems that Walt Whitman's chief complaint against Johnson was that "He lacks veracity—lacks the veracity which we have a right to exact from any man, most of all from the writer, the recorder, the poet. Johnson never cared as much to meet men, learn from men, as to drive them down rough-shod, to crowd them out, to crush them against the wall. He is a type of the smart men—a ponderous type; of the man who says the first thing that comes, who does anything to score a point, who is not concerned for truth, but to make an impression." Walt Whitman had no high admiration for Matthew Arnold, but he liked Emerson. "Arnold knows nothing of elements, nothing of things as they start. I know he is a significant figure. I do not propose to wipe him out. He came in at the rear of a procession two thousand years old—the great army of critics, parlour apostles, worshippers of hangings, laces, and so forth and so forth—they never have anything properly at first hand. Naturally, I have little inclination their way. But take Emerson now—Emerson, some ways rather of thin blood, yet a man who, with all his culture and refinement, superficial and intrinsic, was elemental and a born democrat."

O. O.



HARASSED AUTHOR (as the door is opened): Oh, go to the— (looks up). I—er—beg your pardon, Annie. I thought it was the wife.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

AN ALLEGORY BY S. H. SIME.



SEE-SAW.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE REAL THING.

BY EDWIN PUGH.



IT is difficult to describe The Girl. She was picturesque rather than beautiful. Her eyes and hair were dark and soft; but one

suspected that she was dissatisfied with the lower part of her face, for she was always arranging and re-arranging it. In moments when she was not entirely self-conscious, her mouth proclaimed itself a straight-lipped gash, rather slack, and with a hint of coarseness. But she had a fine profile; and for that reason I should say that very few men have been permitted to see both her ears at the same time. I may add further, not unkindly, that she likewise affected an untidy head, and looked rather as if she slept in her clothes; but then I have met ladies of a far higher grade who did that, though their breeding should have taught them better.

It was springtime when I went down to stay at that inferior watering-place. There were few visitors as yet, the popular holiday season being still far off; but some there were, disconsolate clerks and others, who, in order that all the employés of the firms to which they belonged might enjoy a vacation in turn, were condemned to take their annual fortnight at that unpropitious time of the year. These I got to know by sight, as I got to know The Girl herself. I observed that the clerks stood rather in awe of her: she belonged to a type they could not quite fix, evidently. A few, more daring than the rest, ventured to ogle her as she passed—and were met with killing looks of disdain for their temerity. Perhaps that was why I felt a little flattered when, one evening, she made her first unconventional overture to me.

I was loafing on the lower esplanade, watching the lights of the many ships that lay anchored in the roadstead, and one other light: a silver lance of radiance that flashed across the tumbled sea from a frowning headland westward. It was a still, mild, misty evening, but a heavy tide was running up. The waves boomed on the breakwater; the undertow screeched harshly on the shingle. The sands were a lather of creaming foam, and every now and then a shower of spray would sprinkle my face with stinging spindrift. I was smoking a cigar, and—as the song says—thinking of nothing at all, when The Girl fluttered suddenly out of the darkness and clutched me by the sleeve with her two hands tightly, and breathed huskily in my ear—

"Protect me! . . . You are a gentleman . . . protect me!"

I flung away my cigar and looked at her. There was just enough light to reveal her face. She was invariably pale, but just then her pallor seemed intensified. Her straining eyes were bright and appealing. Her unsatisfactory mouth was drawn down pathetically at the corners. I knew at once that she was not really frightened or distressed in any way; that there was nothing—nobody—to protect her from; and that the whole thing was merely an elaborate piece of acting. But then it was rather good acting, and interested me; and I was accordingly grateful to her for affording me the diversion of a first-rate dramatic display.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"That—that horrible man!" she gasped, still clinging to me.

"Which way did he go?" I said, stepping forward valiantly.

"I don't know. I did not notice. Oh, I ought not to have come out—alone—but the night tempted me."

She really did it uncommonly well.

"And you. . . . What must you think of me?" Now she was becomingly embarrassed, and loosed her hold. "But—I have seen you on the front, and—I think—you will understand."

"I understand perfectly," said I.

And that was the beginning of the adventure that was to culminate so painfully, though I swear I saw no possible harm in it until the final disaster. I thought merely to evoke a situation that should develop humorously, and so serve to lighten the tedium of my sojourn in that desolate town of ten thousand unlet lodgings.

In less than five minutes we were strolling, side by side, along the esplanade in beautiful accord with one another. She forgot her imaginary persecutor almost at once. He had served his purpose in helping her to form my acquaintance, and having no further use for him, she discarded him like a worn-out glove. Other, subtler rôles engaged her now. She began to talk about herself—and to pose—before we had exchanged a dozen commonplaces. She gave me to understand, in an elusive way, that she was a woman with a sorrowful dead past that had somehow not succeeded in getting itself quite satisfactorily buried. I listened and marvelled at her ingenuousness. Most certainly she was a piquant change from the usual young person with a scorched nose and unlimited ice-storage accommodation with whom it is open to any man to philander at the seaside. She hinted at vague, lost splendours that she had once lived amidst and taken as a matter of course.

"But we're wretchedly poor, now," she explained gratuitously.

She tried to find out if I had travelled, if I spoke French; and failing ignominiously in both essays, abandoned a projected tour of Europe in its inception. For upwards of an hour and a half she talked, and I said what was necessary; and then we parted, near the spot where we had met, she protesting that she dared not let me escort her to the hotel at which she was staying, for the sufficient reason (I divined) that she was not staying at it. And when she was gone, but with the echoes of her pleasant, low-toned voice still ringing in my ears, I sat down on a seat and laughed and wondered who and what she could be.

We met again on the following night, by an artistic accident, and walked and talked together as at our first meeting. On this occasion she told me that her name was Gundred Montgomery, which I did not try to believe; and made me the recipient of other confidences. She had a trick of commanding my attention, from time to time, by touching my hand lightly with her fingers. She leaned towards me now and then, as she spoke, and brought her lips invitingly near mine. But I was careful not to understand. I smoked on imperturbably—by her gracious permission—only disturbed to the extent of debating whether I should be acting with a too precipitate wisdom if I took the first train up to London on the following morning.

However, I did not take the first train, unfortunately. I met her again and again—every night indeed. And our intimacy flourished. We discovered a seat on the pier-head and made it our own. It was one of those seats which, at sunnier periods of the year, portly matrons are in the habit of seeking diligently and pairs of lovers delight to occupy. Here we sat and flirted gaily, after the lights were lowered, while we watched the swinging white beacon-flare on the headland to the far westward, and listened to the ceaseless, sad song of the sea.

It was her mood on the tenth night of our acquaintance that brought about the inevitable crisis.

"Lion," she said, breaking an eloquent silence.

I had told her that my name was Lionel Wright. I thought it a good name, certainly a better name for purposes of flirtation than my own.

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



VI.—SPEARING WILD MOTH IN THE CANARIES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

"Lion," she said, "what would you say if I told you I was not free?"

"Tell me—and see," said I.

"I can't," she replied. "It wouldn't be quite true. And yet, in a way, it would."

I was used to these cryptic utterances. "I don't understand," said I.

"I have mentioned my father to you?" she queried—"that poor old, decayed aristocrat who will never, never become reconciled to his fallen estate, who almost refuses, even yet, to believe in our broken fortunes."

I nodded. Yes, she had mentioned him—in a way that no woman, least of all a gentlewoman, ever speaks of her most distant connections, and certainly not of one of her parents.

"I have given him a promise," she went on.

"Yes?"

"There is a man—rich——" She stopped.

"Whom your father wishes you to marry?" I suggested, giving her her cue.

"Yes."

"And does the man——?"

"Oh, he will marry me right enough," she rejoined in her whimsical way, "if I get him to ask me to."

"He hasn't asked you yet, then?"

"No. He is only hoping as yet."

"And are you going to marry him?"

"I expect so. As I say, he hasn't asked me, in so many words, up to now; but I have promised papa to think it over."

"This all sounds very mad," I exclaimed. "What an odd girl you are!"

"Every girl is odd until she is married," returned Gundred, to call her by the name she had given herself. "It takes a husband to make her even with Fate for having condemned her to female servitude for life."

"And you don't love him?" I inquired gently. I was beginning to enjoy this new turn of the conversation.

"Lion!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice that sounded so uncomfortably like the real thing I had a passing qualm of misgiving—until I remembered what a consummate actress she was. "Lion," she cried reproachfully, "you know you are the only man I could love!"

She had never before been so downright and outspoken. I was now perturbed indeed.

"And he," I said quickly, "has nothing to offer you."

She hesitated. Then, "I would not mind poverty," she whispered.

"But your father?" I reminded her.

She was silent for an appreciable while. When she spoke again it was still in a whisper. "Why," she asked, "do you say that you have nothing to offer? Why have you made love to me—made me care for you, too—if it is really true that you can't—won't—marry me?"

"My dear girl," I remonstrated, "I thought it was clearly understood——"

"Not so clearly," she interjected. "Oh, I am not blaming you! It has been all my fault—my fault all along; but still. . . . You have said you loved me, Lion. And you do, don't you?"

I sat up. I thought it horribly unfair that she should turn on me like this, and begin to treat as a serious matter an affair that we had tacitly agreed from the first to accept in a light-comedy spirit.

"Of course I do," I blurted out. What else could I say?

"Well, then," she said, with a prosaic simplicity that was in amazing contrast to her usual manner, "why shouldn't you and I get married?"

"Don't be absurd!" I said roughly. I felt savagely that I was being entrapped.

"How is it absurd? We are both young, we are both free, we love one another. Explain to me, then—oh, I don't care if you think me indelicate, unmaidenly!—explain to me why you won't marry me, won't even consider the idea of marrying me."

"I—I just can't: that's all," I informed her.

"I knew you couldn't," she replied steadily. "There isn't any explanation that would hold water one moment."

"I did not mean——" I began. And then I stole a sidelong glance at her handsome profile, set and stern and tragic. She was most assuredly not acting a part just then. Cold fingers seemed to grip my heart and wring it.

"My dear Gundred," I said.

She uttered an inarticulate exclamation of disgust. "My name," she said, "is Annie. You know it isn't Gundred—any more than yours is Lionel."

I stared at her, nonplussed. "Yes, I know," I faltered.

"You know, moreover," she went on, still in an even, low-toned voice, "that I have no poor old, decayed aristocrat for a father. My father. . . . It doesn't matter what he is, precisely. But I may tell you that his calling necessitates his being very dirty for about ten hours a day. And my mother was in service before she married. You have guessed something of all that?"

"I have not been guilty of venturing to——"

"You have known, all the time, that I was lying to you."

"On my honour——"

"Your honour!" She laughed. "And you have posed as the fine gentleman. Though I will admit that you have acted your part vastly better than I have acted mine. You have learned the trick of that sustained, cruel reticence which. . . . But you are not what is called a 'gentleman,' nevertheless," she concluded confidently.

This was true enough. I have not always been even a colourable imitation of a gentleman. There was a time when I drove a pen in the City for an insufficient livelihood. But how had this child of the people contrived to find me out?

"My dear girl," I entreated her, "do be reasonable. Why should you turn and rend, not me, but yourself, in this way? We have had our little game of make-believe. It has all been very innocent and amusing. You say that you have not believed in my pretensions. I will admit then, frankly, that I have not been gullible enough to swallow all you have told me, either. But there is no harm done. We have rescued one another from many weary hours of boredom. I am sure I am grateful to you, and——"

I would have gone blundering on, had she not uttered a sharp, hissing sound that abruptly checked me.

"You—you coward!" she said softly.

"Come," said I, rising. "This is neither just nor sensible."

"You have told me nothing," she went on, rising too, but not confronting me. The habit of the years was too strong for her, even at that moment—the habit of never presenting herself at full face to a man. "You have let me make a pitiful fool of myself. You have let me bolster up silly fib with silly fib, and you have not met me with a solitary, bold falsehood of your own. You have let me contradict myself—scores of times, I daresay—and have pretended not to notice, whilst you laughed in your sleeve at me. I am not even certain that the name you have given yourself is not actually yours."

"It isn't," I hastened to assure her.

She raised her hands on high in a magnificent gesture that no art could have compassed. She seemed to appeal to Heaven for aid in her extremity. "God!" she muttered thickly, "what a fool I have been!" And then her arms fell slackly to her sides again, and she bent her head and stood there, mute, striving for mastery over herself.

Unexpectedly, she spoke, in a smooth, placid voice. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Joseph——" I began.

"That will do—for this hour," she said. "Joseph! Joe! my Joe! Ah, Joe, and now that I have told you all about myself. . . . Do you know that I am a school-teacher? You would like me in my working-dress—so different from this. . . . Now that I have confessed it all—now that you know all about my figments, from the man I pretended to be frightened of, that first night I spoke to you, to the rich man who wants to marry me that I told you about just now, because I was so desperate and just ached to move you, to kindle you, to force you to speak—now that I have shed all my tawdry affectations, you will tell me about yourself, too, won't you, Joe? And we will laugh at one another and promise never to speak of our folly again, and perhaps. . . . What are you, really, Joe? A clerk? You must be a clerk, I think. You have such smooth, white, strong hands."

"No," I answered. "I was a clerk once. But I am—something different, now."

Her face grew pale again; the blood drained away from it till it was white as milk.

"But you are a poor man? You belong to my class, Joe? There is nothing between us in that way?"

"I am not exactly 'poor,' either," I said. "And I am not. . . . I mean. . . . You know, men can escape out of the class they were born in, sometimes."

She stood for what seemed an interminable while, motionless.

"I see," she said at last, quietly. "I see now, perfectly. It would appear, then, that there never was quite such an abject fool as I have made of myself. Even now. . . . And I can't defy facts any longer. You are telling me the truth. You have not told me any lies at all. I have deluded myself throughout. I have been entirely self-deceived. All the shame and stupidity are on me, and me alone. Your silence, that I thought a lie, was just a man's silence, after all." She drew herself up sharply. "I have not an atom of self-respect to lose," she said; "so I will just say that if you had cared for me—and that's where it's so cruel; you never have—but if you had I could have made you proud of me, perhaps. You, being a clever man, know that I am clever too; that I could have learned to adapt myself. . . . But you don't care for me!" She paused. "Well, good-bye," she said. "This isn't make-believe, is it? This is the Real Thing. This is drama, indeed, profound and simple. You mustn't—I mean, I beg your pardon for a lot of things. Now let me go. Don't move—promise me!—till I am out of sight."

Mechanically I took the hand she held out.

"Good-bye—Joe!"

"No, no!" I cried out passionately.

"Yes, yes!" she mocked. "Stay there."

And, just as she had fluttered into my life, out of the windy, salted dark, so she fluttered out of it, back into the dark again.

THE END.



THE "REVUE" AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: A SCENE AT THE "ZOO."—THE PARROT-SONG.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

ELLEN TERRY! The name dominates the theatrical world this week as surely as that of Shakspeare dominated it last. It is a happy coincidence that this should happen, for no actress of our time has served the poet of all time so enthusiastically, so loyally, and for so long as Miss Terry. Her career began with Shakspeare, and, if she can only have her will, with Shakspeare it will end. It has been a long call between the days of little Mamillius until now, but Miss Terry has bridged the fifty years' interval with an individuality and an incomparable charm peculiarly her own.

All the writers of the Press, theatrical and otherwise, will vie with one another this week in placing at her feet the most eloquent epithets they can cull from the dictionary of choicest phrases, but they will fall inevitably short of the love and devotion which the members of her profession have for Ellen Terry. In all her triumphs she has evoked no jealousy; in all her success she has awakened no envy. The charm of her personality has carried everything before it, and, like the public, her brother actors and actresses have crowned her queen of their hearts.

To those who saw her in the golden days of the Lyceum, Miss Terry's Ophelia, Desdemona, Portia, and Beatrice will ever remain the ideal performances of those characters, and with their memory will mingle one regret—that the opportunity never offered itself for her to appear as Rosalind, though a revival of "As You Like It" was more than once the subject of the gossip of the green-room.

Although she is acting in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Court, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker—recognising, as they could not fail to recognise, the appropriateness of Miss Terry associating herself on her jubilee with the name of Shakspeare—have readily fallen in with her desire and Mr. Tree's request that she should play with him in "The Merry Wives," and on Friday evening she will thus be a participant in the festival which is still being held in honour of Shakspeare.

On the next afternoon, too, Miss Terry will play, at the Adelphi, the nun who appears in the first act of "Measure for Measure," and the association of her name with the part will indubitably give it a significance in the eyes of future audiences which it has not hitherto enjoyed.

Next Sunday, the church of Stratford-on-Avon, in which the sacred dust of Shakspeare reposes beneath the most famous epitaph in the world, will undoubtedly attract a large number of those who

have been taking part in the festival. It will be the occasion of the annual Shakspeare sermon, which will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Tetley, Canon of Bristol. While it is unusual for a text to be announced before the sermon is delivered, yet by the kindness of the Canon it may be stated that, with the happiest of happy thoughts, he will preach from Phil. IV. 8: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Although Mr. and Mrs. Kendal could probably go on indefinitely playing "The Elder Miss Blossom" and the other familiar plays in their repertoire to the delight of the provincial audiences to whom they devote so much of their time, that course does not commend itself to them. They have just accepted a new comedy in three acts by Mr. Herbert Swears, to which the title of "A Tight Corner" has been given. This they propose producing in the course of the next fortnight at Portsmouth.

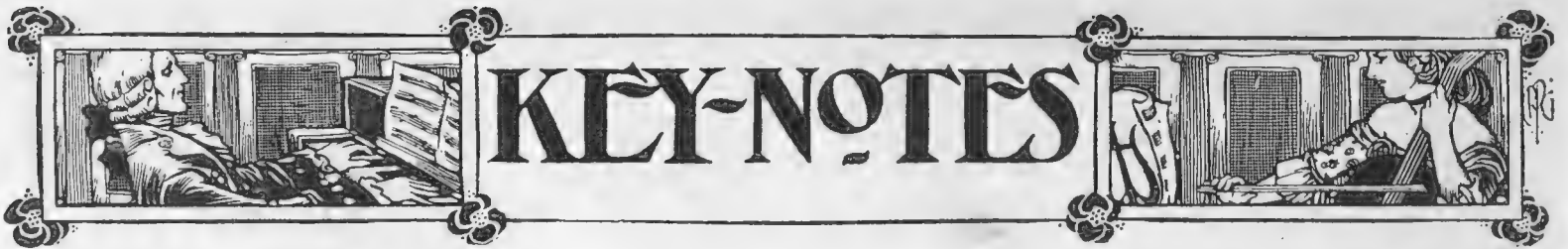
After being postponed for several weeks in order to enable "Brother Officers" to continue its run, Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," will be produced at the Garrick to-morrow evening. Happily Miss Violet Vanbrugh has recovered from the effects of her attack of influenza, and she will appear at the head of the ladies, who include Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Elfrida Clement, Miss Nora Greenlaw, and Miss Kate Phillips, while Mr. Bouchier, to whom the leading-man's part is said to be peculiarly well suited, will have for his companions several of his old associates—Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. Charles Goodhart, Mr. Charles V. France, and Mr. George Trollope, reinforced by Mr. Aubrey Smith, who, for his latest part, returns to the theatre in which he made his London debut. For this play, it will be remembered, Mr. Bouchier will be associated with Mr. Charles Frohman.

To-morrow and on Friday afternoon, at Terry's Theatre, there will be a repetition of the performance of "The Bezsemenzovs," by Maxim Gorky, whose troubles in America are noted in "Small Talk of the Week." The company, which includes Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Katherine Stuart, Miss Ina Royle, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Caleb Porter, Mr. Herbert Grimwood, and Mr. Arthur Curtis, will, of course, be the same as that which played it on Monday.



THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS, ACCORDING TO THE LONDON COLISEUM "REVUE."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



MUCH has been written recently about the Holy Week services; it is right that at this time of the year one should endeavour to recall how many great musicians have set their minds to bear upon the music connected with Easter Week and the week which goes before Easter Day. Palestrina, for example, is a case in point; and without any attempt to be over-learned one may say that Palestrina's music to a large extent dominates the Holy Week of the Christian year. Then there is De Vico, that scholarly and emotional Jesuit, who composed so many beautiful Antiphons for the service of the Tenebræ; then we have Gounod, who, in probably his most austere work, set the Latin words of a certain ceremony used on Good Friday to the utmost advantage; and again we have various composers all singing of the praises of a week which is supposed to be occupied with sorrow and sympathy. It is a very curious thing that musicians of the higher type are inclined rather to prefer the music of sorrow to the music of gladness, as one may see by testing the works of such men as Mozart, Gluck, or Wagner. The result is that in its unique celebrations of Holy Week the Roman Church is able to present an array of music which is altogether touching and altogether appealing, quite from a secular point of view.

We notice that a contemporary makes a reference to the many ceremonies of Holy Week at the Oratory in Brompton Road. From that source it would seem that the somewhat florid music of Verdi's "Stabat Mater," and other works, have been given with right expressiveness and with artistic sentiment. It will be remembered, however, that the Birmingham Oratory, which is distinctly a separate congregation from that of London, has its own views upon music, and nothing could have been more exquisite (as the present writer

can personally attest) than the Antiphons written by Gounod in a most austere style, given on the evening of Good Friday, in which that master's work seemed so different from anything else that he ever wrote that it was really almost incredible to think that these austere rhythms and these quietly unobtrusive harmonies should have emanated from the composer of "Faust," or of the love-duet in "Roméo et Juliette." It may be mentioned, by the way, that the Birmingham Choir is exceedingly good, and of course Mr. Sewell's work as organist and conductor is widely recognised as being exceptionally fine.

Mr. Alick Maclean has just had a most successful production of his opera "Die Liebesgeiger" which was given at Mainz on Easter Sunday. The libretto is founded on Coppée's "Les Luthiers de Crémone." Mr. Philip Brozel, we are informed, made a great success in the leading part, and Herr Behrend was so



ACTRESS AND VIOLINIST: MISS DENISE ORME, WHOSE VIOLIN-PLAYING IS NOW A FEATURE OF "THE LITTLE MICHUS," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Bassano.

delighted with the reception of the work that he is determined to put it into the regular repertoire of his opera. One is sincerely glad to be able to record such a fact, because Mr. Maclean is to all intents and purposes a countryman of ours, and Mr. Philip Brozel has done so much good work in London that his success is naturally a matter of interest to all musical circles which take part of their musical pleasure in opera.

We understand that Sir Edward Elgar is very busy over the composition of the third part of his "Apostles." At the present moment he is in America, although we trust that he does not feel himself to be

a prophet only out of his own country. The third section of "The Apostles" will certainly complete a work the ambition and grandeur of which have not been attempted since the day when Wagner laid down his pen, away from his own home—literally laid down his pen, to be found dead beside a new manuscript which has never been given to the world.

We have no definite information as to the actual details of the part which completes the scheme of "The Apostles"; but we have some authority for stating that this final portion is concerned with the dispersion of the "Twelve" into the various parts of the world, each preaching a new doctrine, and each carrying the message of Christianity to the corners of the earth. We believe that St. Thomas the "doubting Apostle" has some prominent part in the scheme, and, indeed, if legendary tales be true, his should have been the most romantic career of all, for it is said that he reached as far as India and practically intercepted the spread of Buddhism, which on its own side was travelling rapidly towards the West. Whether or not these details are grounded upon fact, though we have them from a very high authority, we will not say, but there is an immense amount of romance in the history of the Apostles, a romance which touched even so quiet a scholar as Paley when he wrote his "Evidences of Christianity." How much more, then, should such a situation appeal to a mind so romantic and so classically musical as that of Sir Edward Elgar, whose beliefs are so deep-seated, and whose music belongs to so modern a sentiment that he is even able to combine that ancient thought, that more or less antique idea, with all the completion and feeling which belong to modernity?

The Leeds Musical Festival, to be held next year, will begin on Wednesday, Oct. 9, and will continue for the three following days. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be given, together with Mozart's "Requiem," a composition by Bach, and, supposedly for the sake of the chorus, a selection from "Israel in Egypt." The conductor has a commission for a new work, and it is understood that he will present to the public a new "Stabat Mater." It is a pity that the same subjects are so often taken by composers, just in order to express their own ideas, one may say, in rivalry with the ideas of other composers. Surely, ranging down from plainsong to Rossini, to Dvorák and to others, the "Stabat Mater" has been treated from well-nigh every possible musical point of view. But one must leave these things in the hands of the mighty.

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Mr. Edwin H. Lemare has rightly deserved all the success that he has achieved. One remembers him not very long ago as organist at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and one remembers also how beautifully he played the organ in that historical church. However, it appears that what Rudyard Kipling calls the "go-fever" came upon him, and he went to America, coming back bearing his sheaves with him; now the Town Council of Wellington has engaged him to give recitals on their organ, which has recently been built there in the centre of New Zealand. Subsequently, Mr. Lemare proposes to go to Melbourne, where he will reopen the organ at the Town Hall and will also give twelve recitals.

COMMON CHORD.



VENUS ON THE STAGE: MISS MARY GARDEN AS APHRODITE IN "APHRODITE," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, PARIS.

Photograph by Boyer.



MONEY FOR DEFENCE—CO-OPERATION—SCREENS VERSUS GOGGLES: A SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT—TO MONTE CARLO IN A HURRY—
BEDFORD BEAKS BAFFLED!—WHAT IS POLICE-OBSTRUCTION?

IT is interesting to note that the Daimler Motor Company have a very rightful appreciation of what is really due from a prosperous manufacturing motor company to the body that has so earnestly, and so far so successfully, taken up the defence of all automobile interests. In communicating with the secretary of the Union and asking the Union's acceptance of a contribution of one hundred guineas to the Motor Union Defence Fund, the chairman of the Daimler Company says, "Having regard to the fact that the progress of the automobile industry depends so much upon the protection which is accorded to the users of the automobile, it appears to the company that manufacturers, traders, and others engaged in the motor industry should as far as possible support the Motor Union by contributions, so as to enable it to develop its very successful work in the desired direction." It is earnestly to be hoped that the praiseworthy example of the Daimler Motor Company will be followed by the rest of the industry and by individual automobilists, for the calls upon this fund are many and increasing.

In these days co-operation obtains in so many businesses that it is not remarkable to find it instituted in connection with the purchase of automobiles and the accessories appertaining thereto. It is suggested that by co-operation the much-discussed man of moderate means will have the difficulties of purchasing a motor-car lessened for him to a remarkable degree. An association, to be known as the Automobile Co-operative Association, has just been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. John Walker, M.I.C.E., a director of Messrs. Robert Stevenson and Co., Limited, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is to place its members in a position to buy cheaply, and to know exactly what they are buying. The subscription to the association will be £1 per share, no holding to exceed two hundred shares, with 5s. for badge and ticket of membership. The association will place big contracts, thereby obtaining special prices, by which their members will duly profit. The scheme reads well, but for a time at least I fear the association will experience a little trouble over delivery.

There is no denying the unsightliness of goggles, particularly when worn by the fair sex, even when these eye-protectors are according to Mirovitch, the most presentable goggles of them all. It is this very unsightliness that is turning the attention of the motoring public generally, and the motor-body makers in particular, to the question of wind-screens, which shall not only prevent the direct impingement of the air upon the faces, but also avert the vortical draught upon the necks of the riders upon the front seat, which is provoked by all wind-shields perpendicular with the dashboard. The device which is most efficient in both respects is the "Cromwell" wind-shield, made

by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of Old Bond Street and Long Acre, but I fancy this might be still further improved by bringing the sloping portion of the screen above and partly over the steering-wheel, so that the vertical frame was still nearer the driver. In wet weather this screen forms a most effectual protection for the occupants of the front seat.



THE KAISER AS A MOTORIST: ONE OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S CHAUFFEURS AND ONE OF HIS DRIVERS.

Photograph by Dannenberg.

London to Monte Carlo in thirty-seven and a half hours—nine hundred odd miles—was the drive accomplished by Mr. Charles Jarrott on a forty-horse-power Crossley just before Easter. This wonderful time would have been distinctly bettered had not Jarrott's guide led him astray after Beauvais, taking him over miles of horrible *pavé*, and reducing his speed to less than ten miles per hour. Then again he made the passage of the Esterelles, the twisting, twining mountain road between Fréjus and Cannes, after dark, a horribly "nervy" experience—that is to say, if Jarrott has nerves at the end of so long and trying a drive, particularly with acetylene lamps which gave trouble. The car gave no trouble from start to finish, and Mr. Jarrott has a very good word to say for his Continental non-skids.

Now that the Divisional Court has quashed a magisterial decision on the ground of "bias and prejudice against motor-cars," it is probable that the Shallows of our provincial benches will take some thought as to the cloaking of their bitter prejudice and hate. The decision of the higher Court cannot be hoped to staunch their virulence, the only chance for a more reasonable attitude on the part of the magistrates being their own conversion to automobilism.

The Motor Union has instructed counsel for the defence of the gentleman who, sportsman enough to warn oncoming motorists of a police trap, has been charged by the chagrined officers with having obstructed them in the performance of their duty. How

this can be argued passes my comprehension, for it must assuredly appear to the lay mind that until the police had actual proof that an infraction of the law had taken place, the question of their duty could not arise. The proof that a man has exceeded the speed-limit must be taken even by such poor and woefully inaccurate methods as the police adopt before testimony can be sworn to, and to suggest that the constabulary duty has arisen before such proof is nothing short of childish. Does the man who warns a fellow-motorist of



THE KAISER AS A MOTORIST: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S GARAGE IN BERLIN.

The Kaiser's garage is placed in one of the side rooms of the imperial stables, and provides accommodation for some half-dozen motor-cars. The chief among these is a white 70-h.p. car, which has a maximum speed of over sixty miles an hour. One of his Majesty's chauffeurs, Werner, was formerly in the employ of the American multi-millionaire, Gray Dinsmore.

Photograph by Dannenberg.

the existence of a police trap, three days before he drives out or fifty miles away, still interfere with the performance of this preposterous and pusillanimous duty? The arguments in the coming case will be listened to with immense interest, if only to see how far the law can prove itself "a hass."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

EPSOM—THE CITY AND SUBURBAN, AND SOME OF ITS WINNERS—PINCHED PRICES.

THE free and open meeting at Epsom has always proved a big draw with Londoners, and no wonder, for it is possible to stand on the hill free of expense and see both the start and the finish of all the races, to say nothing of enjoying the fun of the fair. Some few years back the going on the race-track was very bad, but since Mr. H. M. Dorling was given a free hand in the management all this has been altered, and now owners do not hesitate to run their horses at Epsom in all weathers, for be it known that with a chalk subsoil the turf never gets too hard or too soft for racing, if it is turf of the right sort. Mr. Dorling keeps an eagle eye on the course the year through, and never misses a chance of improving it. The present Derby course, first used in 1872, is 1 mile 4 furlongs and 29 yards. The horses start at the New High Level starting-post, and run into the old course at the mile-post. The old course, last used in 1847, is about a mile and a half, and somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe. The first three-quarters of a mile is straight, the next quarter-mile is on a gradual turn, and the last half-mile straight. The first half-mile is on the ascent, the next third of a mile level, and the remainder is on the descent until well within the distance, when the ground again rises. The City and Suburban is run over the last mile 2 furlongs and 66 yards of the Derby course. It is a left-handed course. The Metropolitan course is 2 miles 2 furlongs and 57 yards. For this race the horses start at the winning-post, and run the back way of the Derby course as far as the road, where they turn to the right and go round the hill, coming into the Derby course again a mile from home. The charges at Epsom are: club stand subscription, £5 5s.; member's annual subscription, £5 5s.; grand stand, 10s. per day, other than Derby and Oaks days, when the price of admission is £1 per day. The daily charge for admission to the paddock is 10s.

No race gives the Londoner greater pleasure than the City and Suburban, as it is the first ante-post betting handicap decided in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. When Mr. H. M. Dorling framed the weights he often nonplussed the know-alls, who were always arguing that he had let in this, that, or the other candidate too lightly. But Mr. Dorling's luck got him home every time, as the screaming hot

were to come away at the start and make the best of his way home. He carried out his orders to the letter, and won handsomely. Merry Duchess won the race in 1887. She belonged to Mr. William Beville, the Clerk of the Course at Kempton Park, and all London was on the good thing, by a strange accident. My tout, who intended standing some other horse, was riding his pony off the Downs to go to Epsom Post Office, when he met Sam Loates. The latter told him that he had been engaged to ride Merry Duchess, who was about certain to win. On this information I stood the mare, and she won handsomely. Bird of Freedom, who won in 1885, belonged to a well-known lawyer. The horse was knocked out to 33 to 1 on the Saturday before the race, but he just managed to win from MacMahon, who would have beaten him but for jumping over a flying newspaper just before the judge's chair was reached. King Charles, who won in '93, was a perfect brute. I was talking to the late Alec Taylor a week after the race at Sandown, when he told me that they did not have a single copper on the animal. When The Gaffer won in 1900 Mr. Sievier is supposed to have won £30,000, and this was the nucleus of the fortune he spent in buying bloodstock, including Sceptre and Duke of Westminster. Sloan put all his friends on Brambilla, who won in 1903. My final for this year's race will be found in another column.



THE OLYMPIC GAMES: THE SEATS OCCUPIED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

The Olympic Games began at Athens on Sunday last, and will continue until the second of next month. The sports, which include the Marathon Race, embody athletics of all kinds, from lawn-tennis, Association football, fencing, nautical sports, shooting, and bicycling, to hurling the javelin, gymnastics, and wrestling in the Græco-Roman style.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

that the man who has to find all the money. But there is yet another thorn in the owner's side, in the person of the professional backer, who pays nary a cent towards the upkeep of racing beyond his ring fees, and yet manages to be on all the good things and to monopolise the market, to the detriment of those who have a legitimate claim to something approaching fair prices about their animals engaged. A soliloquising bookmaker remarked recently that "mugs were getting scarcer every day"; but this may have been only half a truth. The fact of the matter is, the professionals have crippled



THE LATEST "GIRL": MISS FLORENCE HOLBROOK AND THE FOOTBALL GIRLS IN "THE UMPIRE," AT THE LA SALLE THEATRE, CHICAGO.

favourite was always beaten by an outsider. The most remarkable winner of the City in my time was Goldseeker, who, ridden by Tom Cannon junior, captured the prize in 1899. I gave the horse for every race he had run in previous to that, and I fancied him for the City up to the eve of the race, when I was told he was fat and not fit. This was the opinion of the owner of the horse, but Cannon's instructions

the goose that laid the golden eggs, as they have in every branch of sport where they are allowed full sway. True, the professional backers fight the layers with their own weapons—that is, by getting somehow and somewhere information of value from somebody for something.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WILL any of us ever dare to malign English weather again, I wonder, after the perfectly glorious phase of Easter sunshine in which the holidays were passed? Captious critics have been heard to emit vicious and ungrateful remarks about "accidents of atmospheric good-humour," "a Vesuvian phase," and even the well-known complaint of the pessimist—"We shall pay for

hand embroidered daisies, and a long silk fringe finishing it off, in which the colours green, white, and pink were repeated. Silk-fringed parasols are, in fact, coming in again. Besides looking smart, they are so practical in shading the face from the sun.

This is admittedly an age in which wide and well-organised charities are the rule, not the exception. Yet it is in nearly every case for the very poor that donations are conceived and administered. The failures of the middle or better classes are seldom considered or provided for by charitably disposed persons; yet it is amongst both that cases of heartrending distress are so often brought to light, especially amongst women who, having known better days, find themselves unable to struggle against adverse circumstances and, through reticence, shame, or decent pride, whichever it may be called, often "go under" with an uncomplaining quiet impossible to the well-advertised woes of the humbler classes. One is therefore rejoiced to learn that ten thousand pounds has just been put at the disposal of the borough of Maidstone, with the benevolent object of employing the income derivable from that sum to the needs of ten poor ladies of the middle class. A more thoughtful or really beneficent scheme it would be impossible to name, for only the gently bred poor know what it is to suffer in silence; so one cannot help hoping that other benevolent testators may also be moved, as in the present instance, to remember a peculiarly tried and too often forgotten class.

The facility with which divorces have hitherto been granted in America has long been a byword with the nations, and the cases of the young woman in South Dakota who divorced her husband because he had a noisy way of banging doors, and of another who cut the marital knot because she could not stand navy-cut tobacco, are now likely to become fireside tales instead of daily occurrences, for the



[Copyright.]

A WHITE-SERGE CORSELET-SKIRTED GOWN FOR THE SPRING.

this by-and-by"—has been voiced by an ill-conditioned few. All that nevertheless and notwithstanding, we have had a glorious glimpse of what England can be like in spring—the April that Browning loved; so let us thankfully and philosophically accept Olympic favours when they are bestowed, leaving dismal to-morrows—if dismal they must be—to arrive when they may. Of course, people burst forth into chiffons and muslins while the fine weather lasted. Equally of course, furs, velvet, and cloth are again being given their last outing before May arrives.

A few glimpses of fashion as she will be have crossed the Channel, and a spring *demi-saison* frock of cream cloth inlet with Irish crochet and a cape *en suite* for out-door occasions was very alluring. Green and pink ribbon embroideries intermixed with pearls trimmed the yoke of Irish crochet. Another new frock bought for coming smart occasions was of pale green voile, much *entre-deux* being used in its construction, which, by the way, was dyed to match. A high, folded belt of mauve and white taffetas, the collar and cuffs touched with the same, finished a very sweet and spring-like frock.

Flowers appear everywhere, and one had almost said on everything, according to this year's fashions. Hats are entirely composed of small blossoms, afternoon dresses are trimmed with trails and borders of little flowers either in silk or chiffon, as a glance at some descriptive particulars of Princess Ena's trousseau will show. While summer parasols are freely festooned with rosebuds, daisies, violets, and other small flowers. One delightfully dainty *parapluie*, destined for Ascot, was purchased at Monte Carlo, the white moire of which it is made being sewn all over with little nose-gays of



[Copyright.]

ONE OF THE NEWEST DESIGNS.

United States Supreme Court has delivered an ultimatum which will have far-reaching effects in altering the turbid stream of social life as it flows through the ranks of the rich in Brother Jonathan's country.

To summarise the new statute—a marriage bond made in one State cannot be dissolved in another except for causes admitted

by both. Hitherto, a dozen States had a dozen different codes, and during the past fifteen years the matrimonial *chassé-croisé* has been so fast and furious in Rhode Island and other fashionable resorts that people were satirically accustomed to ask, "But why trouble to marry at all in this country?" This highly moral state of things has now received a decisive check. Not too soon either, if any semblance of family life is to be left in this very semi-detached Continent. That the Judges' decision has caused widespread consternation will not be wondered at, seeing that it acts retrospectively, and so invalidates many re-marriages that have taken place, and in doing so affects the children of such unions. Divorce and its consequences will ever remain a vexed question—a maelstrom of passionate opinions and arguments; but that it is growing in disfavour here in England amongst the Church party, who see its dire results, cannot for a moment be doubted.

Our sketches represent respectively a dainty morning costume of pale putty-coloured woollen canvas over silk, and a more elaborate arrangement in white serge with corselet skirt and abbreviated bolero all complete. The former frock is delicately set forth with black-spotted white taffetas, showing in well-inset bands on skirt and bodice, a belt of patent leather, which may be either scarlet or black with equal effect, finishing its points. The second dress has claims to distinction in lace yoke of point d'Irlande over chiffon, and the bands of hand-sewn embroidery in delicate tones, finished off with black velvet bows on front and back of bodice. Both hats, in the new high-crowned shapes, trimmed with drooping feathers and well-placed ribbon bows, are all that is of the most truly *chic*.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

L. L. L. (Stockholm).—It is a far cry, as you say, but travelling nowadays is made so easy. I do not think you will find much economy in going to a second-rate hotel. The best are more central and near the shops of which you will have need. The Ritz will be open shortly. SYBIL.

GENERAL NOTES.

Daughter of the Earthquake.

The destruction of San Francisco by earthquake serves to remind us that in the unstoried past this Britain of ours has experienced as violent convulsions as any land in the world. To-day we are merely a mountain set in the sea. Not very long ago—geologically speaking—we stood a good deal higher than at present; but before that we were far lower, and, since man first trod the land, had most of our present territory under water. At the present moment our coast-line proper lies submerged, fifty miles west of Ireland, and a shifting of our foundations to the extent of a hundred feet would see the submersion of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Hull, Cardiff, Southampton, Chichester, and many other places. We are what we are because of the earthquakes which severed us from the rest of Europe, to which, with Ireland, we anciently belonged; but so kind has Nature latterly been that there is little to fear for the future. There is greater risk for other places in the world. Sufficient water exists upon the earth to cover the whole globe to a depth of 2400 mètres, and a slight sinkage here and there would blot out nations.

In the Hour of Peril.

They say that Emerson was undismayed by the earthquake of which he was a witness. He is the only thinking man of whom such a boast could be made. They used to believe in England, when the earth was visited by these convulsions, that it was a living creature which produced hurricanes, tidal waves, earthquakes, and other horrors, in the hope of clearing off the human beings from its skin. The Moslem mind receives with greatest equanimity a shock of this sort. Three years ago Jerusalem swayed and rocked upon an earth-wave. It was March 29, the eve of the Moslem New Year. So it was quite natural, they said, that the earth should so sway. "This is the beginning of our new year; and, as we all know, the earth is supported by the Great Cow. She was merely shifting its weight from one horn to another for the next twelvemonth." Truly, great effects from little causes spring!

A Balaclava Hero.

Of those who rode back, all that was left of them, after the charge of the Light Brigade, Lord Tredegar, who on Saturday attains the age of seventy-six, is one of the very few remaining. Wales is justly proud of her new Viscount—his advance in the Peerage came only four months ago—and he is as proud of Wales. He believes his native tongue to be the language of Paradise. He will have many friends there, judging by his unselfish services to the Church. As a fact he opines that if he should have any claim on the memory of posterity, it will be in the roll of ecclesiastical worthies among whom figure "Gundulph the Weeper," "Wykeham the Builder," and "Montagu the Planter." Himself will be remembered as "Tredegar the Bazaar-Opener," he says. But no; it is as the man who rode in the famous charge that he will be remembered.

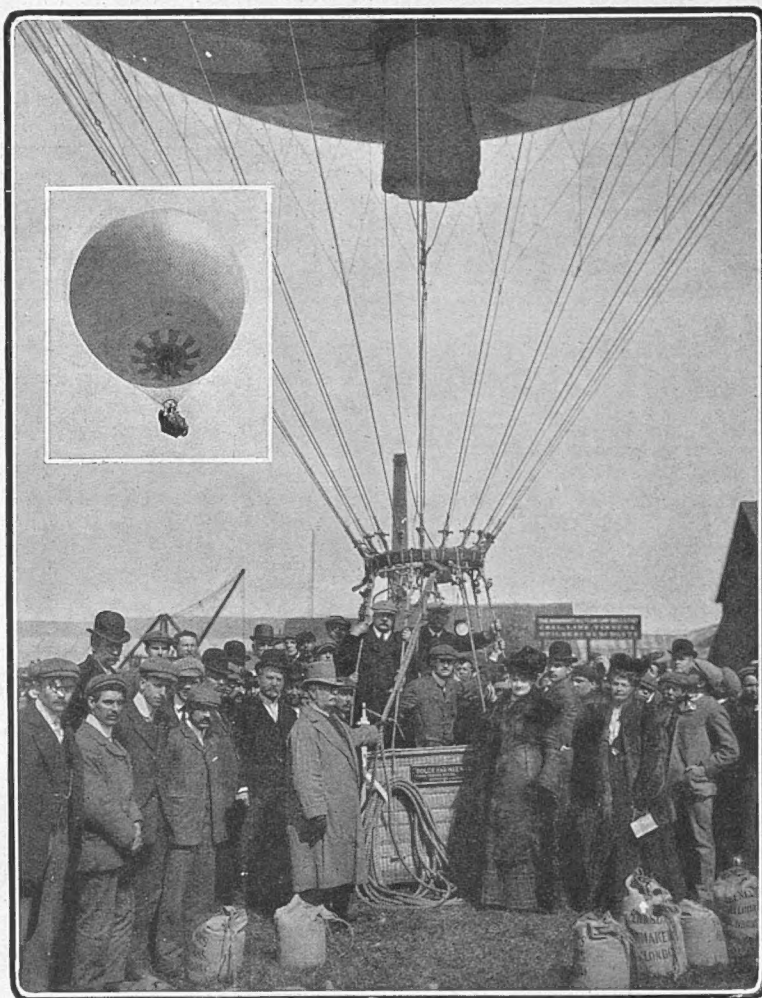
French Election Language.

Paris is the happy land of strikes. Everybody and everything strikes except the matches. It requires a very violent effort to give the flame to a Government *allumette*. The latest in the way of labour troubles is the strike of printers. The compositors in half the leading houses have abandoned their "sticks," and resolved to work no more unless they receive a rise in wages. Should there be no agreement, a very odd result will ensue: there will be no election literature—no bills, red, green, mauve, and yellow, calling the other man a liar, thief, scoundrel, and other things. Imagine a French election without the walls being abusive and shrieking out bits of family history. In the days when Syveton tried to enter Parliament, this Parliamentary mud-throwing rose to a fine art. Syveton, you may remember, was a Nationalist member whose title to fame is that he boxed the ears of General André, Radical Minister of War, during a debate in the Chamber. His death, by asphyxiation in his own house, created a great sensation. On the occasion of his election, the Syvetonites bellowed insult from every step of the National Opéra, whilst the partisans of the opponent monopolised some green hoardings near by and turned them livid with calumny of the deputy and his household. The stranger staying at the Grand Hotel on the Boulevards had unique opportunities of studying the French language.

The Englishman Abroad.

Once upon a time the Englishman when he went to Paris dressed as if he were going grouse-shooting or for a picnic in the Isle of Man. But we have changed all that. Now when he goes abroad he is as immaculate as if he had just stepped out of Bond Street. His braided frock-coat is elegantly fitted; his top-hat shines as if he were a company-promoter on the eve of flotation. But he has nothing to sell—not even dress-shirts or hair-oil; he is merely polite, merely wishful of impressing the great French nation. The Easter Englishman has never been more elegant, more beautifully turned out than this year. No doubt they are preparing for the boring of the tunnel, when one will breakfast in London and lunch in Paris. By the way, what a stupendous change in British manners would result therefrom! Imagine the crowd hurtling across Channel to attend the races at Longchamps or Auteuil as a variant from the English Sabbath! And the other little matters that they manage so differently, and withal so pleasantly, "over the way"! Well, as G. B. Shaw says, "you never can tell."

Quite a record number of Easter excursionists patronised the Great Central route from Marylebone to Stratford-on-Avon, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, Southport, York, Cleethorpes, Scarborough, Bridlington, and other well-known holiday resorts on the north-east and north-west coasts accessible by this company's picturesque and comfortable route. To accommodate the heavy holiday traffic numerous special trains were run, in addition to many of the ordinary trains being duplicated. This record is attributed to the excellent facilities afforded by the company, especially with regard to cheap fares and expeditious travel.



Lord Mr. Butler. Prof. Huntington. Lady-
Llangatock. Hon. C. S. Rolls. Llangatock.

THE GORDON BENNETT RACE FOR AERONAUTS: THE BRITISH COMPETITORS, THE HON. C. S. ROLLS, MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, AND PROFESSOR HUNTINGTON.

The Gordon Bennett race for aeronauts for a trophy presented by Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the "New York Herald," will take place on Sept. 30 at Paris. Each country competing will be represented by three members of its Aéro Club. The Cup is valued at 1000 Guineas.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 9.

THE awful catastrophe of the Pacific Coast has upset not only the Yankee Market, but the Stock Exchange generally, and, together with the native unrest in Natal, the Russian loan, and the latest ebullition of the Emperor William, has produced very unsettled markets. To the ordinary mind, the San Francisco fire would seem to have no bearing on the price of Consols, but in these days of international—very international—finance, the market for our premier security has suffered from the practical certainty that many of the leading insurance companies will have to realise portions of their holdings to meet the losses which the gigantic catastrophe must entail. From the weakening of Consols to a flatness in Home Rails is but a small step, and so mixed up is one market with another that, apart from intrinsic merits, it is impossible in these days to upset one branch of the great financial tree without making the other limbs suffer.

HOME RAILWAY HOPES.

Rather a flattering title, perhaps, in the present depressed condition of the Home Railway Market, where Passion Week traffics went for nothing, and the atmosphere was charged with gloom as a result of the fires at 'Frisco. And we confess that our hopes are in the future, not in the present. For until the Government shows to what lengths it is prepared to go, in pandering to Labour, who will buy, or who should buy, Home Rails? Mind you, it only needs a little firmness on the part of the Cabinet in the way of repressing undue demands from Labour, for people with money to pluck up courage sufficient to make them lay in more Home Railway stock. It is not too much to regard the "Heavy" Lines as practically paying 4 per cent. on money invested in their Ordinary stocks at the present time, because dividends will be increased next August, and the only uncertain elements are those which concern the possibly increased taxation, the possibly better terms to be given Labour at the expense of Capital. Our sympathies lie, in theory, rather with the former than the latter; but there is a happy medium in all things, and even if Capital has hitherto enjoyed more than its share of the good things of this life, that is no reason why the pendulum should now be swung unduly far in favour of Labour. The depression which followed upon the calamity in America having been purely sentimental, there ought to be a good rebound, but whether such movement, if it comes, will be the prelude to permanent improvement in Home Railway prices, we are greatly inclined to doubt.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

When Canadian Pacifics are quoted *ex rights*, the price will undoubtedly look cheap again. It was somewhat remarkable that the slump in Americans should have affected Canadas so little, because, however slight may be the actual relation between Canadian Railways and those of the United States, the two are closely linked by sympathy and sentiment. The strength of Canadas, then, under such trying conditions may not unreasonably be taken as a good omen for yet better prices when the Yankee Market drops into its normal groove again. The rights being worth about 12 points, the deduction will be substantial enough to give Canadas quite a cheap appearance, and part of the amount will perhaps be regained very quickly. Grand Trunks were also a strong market through the stormy days of the Fire week. Banging tactics met with comparatively little success as regards the Third Preference stock, which is strongly supported upon any noticeable dip in the price. Trunk Ordinary, too, is bought by good people, and the observer is rather forced to the conclusion that the insiders do not intend to allow the stocks to go down appreciably. What tends to arouse suspicion about Trunks, however, is the continued puffing of the stocks in a certain section of the Press. Inspiration is writ large upon some of the articles recently published puffing Trunks, and this is seldom a healthy sign for the continuance of strength in any market.

AN ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL.

A quotation on the London Stock Exchange has this week been granted to the 20 per cent. Cumulative Preferred Ordinary shares and the Deferred Ordinary shares of the Maypole Dairy Company, Limited. Had these shares been quoted earlier in London, more attention would have been attracted to the remarkable rise in the price of the Deferred shares which has occurred in the last two months. After the general meeting in February last these shares were quoted at £2½xd., whereas the price now is no less than £5-5½. Great as the advance has been, it cannot be regarded as surprising, for it is an open secret that the Company is doing a wonderful

business, and if the present rate of profits is maintained for the whole year there should be over £200,000 to divide among the shareholders. The capital of the Company was reorganised in 1905, and the issued capital is now—

| | Present Price. | Div. 1905. | Return at Present Price. |
|---|----------------|------------|--------------------------|
| 350,000 5 per cent. Cum. Pref. shares of £1 | 1½ | 5 | £ s. d. 4 8 9 |
| 450,000 20 per cent. Cum. Pref. Ord. shares of £1 | 3½ | 20 | 6 8 0 |
| 123,000 Deferred Ordinary shares of £1 | 5½ | 21 | |

The growth in the Company's prosperity has been very marked, as the figures of the net profits of the Company during the last four years sufficiently testify—

| Year ending December | Net Profit. | Year ending December | Net Profit. |
|----------------------|-------------|----------------------|-------------|
| 1902.. | £85,532 | 1904.. | £129,798 |
| " " 1903.. | £104,032 | " " 1905.. | £145,536 |

As I have said above, and as the great advance in the price of the Deferred shares proves, another big jump in the profits is expected to be shown for 1906. Many of your readers will perhaps think, however, that it is rather late in the day to buy the Deferred shares at the big premium which they have reached, and I am inclined to agree with them, but the 20 per cent. Cumulative Preferred shares seem decidedly attractive, and should advance in value. At 3½ these shares would give a buyer a return of £5 14s. 3d., a very fair percentage on a sound home industrial. The secret of the Maypole Dairy Company's success lies in good management, and is also largely accounted for by the fact that the Company's staff are given a direct interest in its prosperity. The financial position is a strong one, for £336,369 was provided by the new issue of shares in 1905 for the further extension of the business, and fifty-seven new shops were opened during the past year. I shall be surprised if the Preferred shares, the half-yearly dividend on which is payable on July 1, are not standing at 70s. before very long.

April 21, 1906.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Disaster and calamity are not pleasant words with which to begin one of my usually so light-hearted letters—if nobody will blow my trumpet, well, it must be blown by someone—but they do seem to be dogging the footsteps of the world at uncomfortably close quarters just now. Finance escaped lightly when Vesuvius began operations, and, to go further back, the awful outbreak of Mont Pelée caused

very little disturbance to Stock Exchange prices. In the case of San Francisco, however, almost every department of finance felt some effect from the blow which has partially laid the city in ruins.

And out of this disaster at San Francisco there came a slight fall in the shares of the San Francisco del Oro Company, the property being thousands of miles off, 'way towards Mexico!

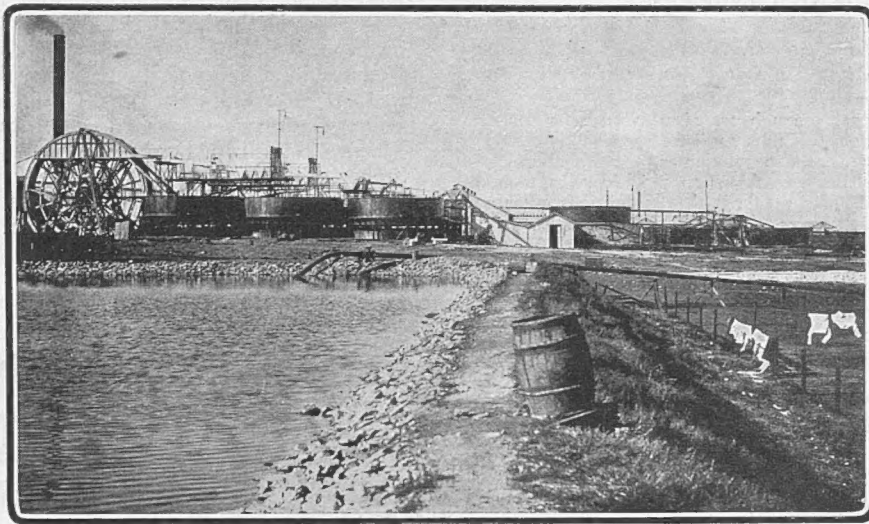
Which reminds me. Some weeks back my enemy, the City Editor of this paper, rang up and said a correspondent asked for information concerning that afore-said concern, with the intimation that shares had been bought upon a "tip" of mine, and because the price was lower, the holder appeared to consider he had a great grievance against myself. With all due deference, I entirely deny that any grievance exists at all. When the shares were mentioned in one of these letters, it was expressly pointed out that they were a frank speculation. If advice is honestly given to the best of one's ability,

I fail to see how any complaint can fairly be laid at the door of the tipster, provided he takes care to point out that such and such things are speculations. Mining shares at about half a sovereign naturally fall into that category in any event. In this particular case there was an accident to the machinery shortly after the suggestion was made, and the price of the shares toppled down with some of the hoisting-gear. How could anyone foresee that? I have as small a regard for newspaper tips as anybody—stockbrokers, perhaps, know more about them than the majority of folk—but provided that advice is given in good faith, it is folly to turn and rend the counsellor should his prognostication or his judgment turn out badly.

Wherefore, "as the poet says," to quote the Gaity, "let 'em all come!" It will not do, of course, to speak of it in Gath, nor to publish it in the streets of Askalon, but beneath our breath some of us Free Traders are getting just a trifle weary of our new Government. No doubt, we look at things from the point of view of our bread-and-butter, and the temptation is to sigh, "Ah, if only our brave, united Unionists were in power, how much better off should we be! Think of the business we should be enjoying in Home Rails, in Kafirs, in Consols, and things generally!" That, I say, is the temptation, and we ignore the other side of the slate—the tariff-interrupted trade and all that kind of thing, while as for South Africa, nobody can ever tell what's going to happen out there. The rising of the Zulus might have come under any Administration, and I don't suppose the placid Chinese would have been any the less dangerous had Mr. Balfour retained his earlier position. Things don't seem to be going along at all happily now, all the same, and pessimism stalks unabashed in front of a Budget announcement that will infallibly be favourable.

By the time this letter appears it is more than likely that the insurance scare will be over. Prudent people who laid in Commercial Insurance, Northern, Atlas, and Alliance will have just reason to congratulate themselves upon their astuteness, and if there should have been no more recovery by Wednesday, these are four of the cheapest shares deserving of attention. It is somewhat of a misnomer to refer to the London Insurance Market, seeing that dealings are confined to such a few Stock Exchange firms, who ought, perhaps, to be designated insurance share-negotiators rather than jobbers. In some shares the best market is in Liverpool, where the Stock Exchange official list quotes about as many insurance varieties as the London list does. Other shares are better known in Edinburgh and Glasgow than they are down here. The dealers read every man a seller, and lowered prices accordingly. Some few shares did come to market, and still more limits to sell at fixed prices, but buyers found it difficult to get really cheap shares, except in cases here and there.

Concerning Americans, it is generally worth while to keep an eye on Denver Preference when the market is weak. The shares get 5 per cent., so that at 90 the yield is 5½ per cent. on the money, and the dividends are payable at the end of June and December. Unions may also be expected to have a fast recovery in view of the enormous traffic the line will get in connection with the rebuilding of San Francisco. The damage done to the Union Pacific can easily be repaired, if necessary, out of the immense financial resources of the Company. Southern Pacifics will naturally move along the same track as Unions, but not to the same extent. More dangerous than the earthquake to the Yankee Market as a whole is



FERREIRA DEEP CYANIDE WORKS.

the movement of gold that cannot fail to be one of its immediate consequences; and this cause may operate adversely in the near future, New York having experienced the twinge of tight money before ever the calamity befell its sister on the Western coast.

All the Cuban railway companies are doing well in the way of traffics, and when the Stock Exchange emerges from its clouds of dullness there should be a speedy recognition of the claims made upon the capitalist by such shares as Cuban Central Ordinary, and Western of Havana and United Railways of the Havana Ordinary stock. The scrip for bonus of the latter undertaking should prove a good speculation. Quite conservative estimates put the break-up value of the scrip at 13, while at the other end of the scale, 25 is named as the possible sum which holders will receive altogether. The price to-night is something like 11½. In passing, it may be observed that the members of a little syndicate, partly composed of Stock Exchange men, each made over £200,000—six figures—last year out of United of Havana stock. Not bad, was it?

Speaking of 25 reminds one of the talk which puts this figure as the goal of Anglo "A." The sharp rise in the price of the stock would encourage the idea that some setback may take place, but ultimately there is really a good speculative chance of the stock reaching this figure. It is better to hold Telegraph stocks than Electric Lighting shares. The London County Council Bill is pretty sure to go through Parliament, and after that the Council will no doubt set to work to obtain power for fixing the price of the electric current. You build up an industry from its tenderest years, supply it with capital, pilot it through innumerable pioneer difficulties, consent to have it hedged round with cast-iron conditions, raise it by plodding patience, work, and faith into a state at which it becomes remunerative to yourself and a substantial benefit to the community, and then—in steps the County Council, tramples upon what you had fondly considered were vested interests, compulsorily acquires your industry at ridiculous terms, or else, by fixing prices, renders it impossible to work the thing at a profit. Competition being thus disposed of, enter the County Council as the beneficent purveyor of cheap electric power for the benefit of the people—the people, in good sooth, providing out of the rates the certain loss which this far-fetched faddism will entail.

To your steamboats, O L.C.C.!

It is so seldom that I intrude purely personal matters upon your courteous consideration, that I am sure you will forgive the claim upon your sympathy which is divulged in the omission of a single letter from my usual signature. For now, alas! I am

THE HOUSE HUNTER.

Saturday, April 21, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

AFRICA.—(1) The people you name are safe enough, *we should think*, for any sum you may risk. (2) Our opinion is still against Kaffirs until we see what is going to happen over the labour question. (3) They are a speculation as to which all sorts of conflicting stories are current. You must be very anxious to play ducks and drakes with your hard-earned money. If we had made a trifle in the insalubrious climate of Northern Nigeria we should not fling it away by gambling with an outside bucket-shop in mining shares.

PUZZLED.—In the end, we believe you will be throwing good money after bad. If you don't join you will get your proportion of £30,000, but when Debentures and expenses are paid there won't be much for you.

OMEGA.—You have quite misunderstood the meaning of the remarks. All we intended to convey was that for the moment we thought the steam was out of the market, and that the stocks need not just now be expected to rise much farther. The concerns you hold are splendid investments, far better than most so-called gilt-edged stuff.

ISCA.—Any good inside broker would be delighted to allow you interest on money waiting for investment, but he would only do so from account to account. You must make an arrangement either that he should take in stock for you and charge 1 per cent. of the interest so earned, or allow you 3 or 3½ per cent., and make what he is able for himself. Be sure you go to a good man.

INDUSTRIAL.—There is no accounting for tastes. If you are so much in love with English Industrials, you cannot do better than follow "Q's" advice in this week's issue.

STOCKINGS.—We are always looking for what you want. We prefer (1) United of Havana Ordinary stock, (2) Foreign, American, and General Investment Deferred, (3) Argentine Land and Investment Cumulative Preference shares, (4) Trustees and Executors Ordinary stock.

MIZPAH (India).—The statements as to the various bonds are, we believe, correct, certainly not fiction. Considering the poor chance of drawing prizes, and going without a return on your money in the meanwhile, we cannot see that you have got a good investment. The people you name have been exposed over and over again in these columns; beyond charging too much, we have nothing to say against them.

CONSERVATIVE.—The Kaffirs are all right, but we see no reason to expect a rise with the labour question unsettled, the government of the Colony in the melting-pot, and no settlement of anything likely for many months.

T. M.—The shares are reasonable mining speculations which you may hold. Our information as to the fire is no better than yours.

THAME.—We have no information as to No. 2. The rest may be held, and the two railways for the prices you name. We are holders of these ourselves.

F. F. K.—We should hold the mine shares. The Industrial are a fair investment, but any rise is likely to be gradual.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I cannot find one to beat Polymelus for the City and Suburban, but I think Antonio will run well. I like Half Holiday for the Copthorne Plate, and Airlie for the Tadworth Plate. The Kingswood Plate should be won by Avocet, and the Hyde Park Plate by Katharine. At Pontefract, the Spring Handicap may be won by Kingsway, and the Carleton Handicap by Haresfield. There should be good racing at Sandown, where some of the following will go close: Esher Plate, Black Auster; Twickenham Handicap, King Duncan; Guildford Handicap, Scotch Cherry; Princess of Wales's Handicap, Deal; Tudor Plate, Machakos, and Stud Produce Stakes, Kilimanjaro. At Lingfield on Monday I like Scrambler for the Victoria Plate and Wild Alarm for the Felbridge Welter. For the jumping meeting at Sandown on Saturday the following may run well: Great Sandown Hurdle, Prince Royal; International Steeplechase, Liberté; Kingston Hurdle, Henley; St. James's Hurdle, March Flower.

FEATHER WRAPS.



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